

# New York Saturday Journal

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 314.

VOCAL REVERIE.

BY HARVEY HOWARD.

*Silence is vocal, if we listen well.*  
I lie upon the fresh, green grass,  
With upturned eyes unto the skies,  
To watch the filmy cloudlets pass.  
Did some voice say, "The clouds that fly  
Above thee, silent in the sky,  
Can never know of pain or woe;  
Can fear no ill in a horizon;—  
Those swift, big clouds that naught can stay,  
Their gloom can darken all the day.  
Between the boundless depths of blue  
And thee, the path they triumph through  
Is fixed and way, that thou mayst know  
How high he stands, and these how low?"  
Did some voice say, "The clouds are great  
As thou art puny, as slate  
As thou depressed, disconsolate?"  
Or was it that my mood found voice?  
Did some tongue bid my soul rejoice  
To hear it say, "The clouds so strong,  
So swift and massive, move along  
To light and down. They sink to earth;  
And lo! a tiny flower finds its birth  
And thou canst breathe its fragrant breath,  
Thy hand can crush it unto death!  
They sink to earth, and cooling streams  
Well up, to bless thy waking dreams.  
They sink to earth, and earth is rife  
With beauty and fragrance, unselfish life  
To give thee joy. 'Tis ever so.  
The haughty die, the humble grow.  
Sweet blossoms spring where storm-clouds fall,  
And thy life triumphs o'er all!"

## A True Knight: TRUST HER NOT.

BY MARGARET LEICESTER.

CHAPTER III.

ALAS! ALAS!

MADEMOISELLE DE VOUSE entered the house.

As she stood for a moment on the landing outside Mrs. Stanley's room divesting herself with trembling hands of her wraps, and listening with loudly-beating heart to the confused sounds within, she heard the housekeeper and one of the chambermaids who stood on the landing stairs whispering together of a matter which was certainly no concern of theirs.

Some short time previously an uncle of Mrs. Stanley's had left her a splendid legacy of half a million of dollars upon condition that her husband—whose neglect of her he furiously resented—should never be allowed to touch a cent of it.

This bequest was, of course, only an added mill-stone round the poor lady's neck, and as yet she had had no heart either to enjoy her wealth herself or to make arrangements for disposing of it in charities as some of the wiser of her friends advised her to do.

"If anything should happen to her, an' no will made," the housekeeper was whispering, "the money will go to him after all."

Madeleine made a hurried gesture with her hands which startled the whisperers.

Her pretty little face, usually so pale and meek, was crimson now, and her eyes were flashing fire.

"Mon Dieu!" she whispered. "What beasts these English are; they talk of her money while madame dies!"

She opened the door and flitted into Mrs. Stanley's room, a lovely white-robed sylph with the blood-red flowers still in her bosom—no brighter than her blood-red lips, and the crimson girdle still around her dainty waist like a vision of Ukraine of old—the white virgin who flitted through the shadowy land at night, marking to destruction those whom the gods had doomed.

Two or three of the female servants fell back from the bed at her approach, when she bent over the awfully changed figure of her friend and gazed long and earnestly into the death-struck face.

"Alas! Alas! It is too true; she is dying!" faltered the little *Parisienne*, sinking on her knees beside the bed and giving way to a storm of sobs. "Ah, what is to become of poor Coila now! Madame, dear madame, can nothing be done?" she implored, clasping the flaccid hand which hung lifelessly over the bed-side.

Mrs. Stanley slowly turned her ghastly face toward her and gazed at her strangely.

"Nothing can be done," said she, in almost inarticulate accents, and a gleam flickered in her eyes and round her pinched lips, as if she would have smiled in triumph. "I am beyond the reach of friend or enemy now, and your part here is played out—"

"*Sainte Vierge!* she raves!" cried mademoiselle, whitening and looking round hurriedly as if to call for aid.

"Compose yourself, Coila," resumed the lady, with difficulty; "I have no time for reproaches, no time for anything but explanation."

"Your mind wanders!" faltered mademoiselle, her terror increasing at every word.

"Are you in very great pain?"

No need for the unhappy lady to answer her in words, for here another frightful spasm seized her and twisted her tortured frame into every attitude which could express physical suffering.

Meanwhile mademoiselle's tears flowed like rain, and burying her lovely little hands in her rich black hair, she implored the bystanders in frenzied accents to alleviate these intolerable pangs which were killing her adored madame.

At last Mrs. Stanley motioned her to come



No one saw the lonely watcher flitting back as silently as a ray of light to the coffin.

close, and she flew to her side, murmuring a shower of sweetest endearments.

"Is George Laurie here?" faltered Mrs. Stanley, striving with her strained and blood-shot eyes to distinguish the occupants of the room.

"Monsieur Laurie has not yet arrived," answered mademoiselle. "Ah, what would you with him? Tell me, I shall bear the message faithfully—faithfully."

"He is not here!" groaned Mrs. Stanley.

"Well, perhaps it is for the best—Paul, where are you? I will try to tell you all myself; George will add what I am unable to say—"

These words she addressed to Coila, deliriously pressing her hands, then suddenly recognizing her with a wailing cry, added—"Where is my husband? Is there no one to receive my latest breath but you?"

"No one," wept Coila, covering her hands with kisses.

Mrs. Stanley lay in silence until another spasm seized and tore her as before, and leaving her almost dead. She made haste to utter her last wishes.

And thus it came to pass that her last wishes were received in the ear of the little *Parisienne*.

"George Laurie knows what my resolution was, last night," said she, and it was with difficulty that mademoiselle, though listening with all her might, could understand the almost unintelligible words; "tell him I was too weak to carry it out. Tell him that I solemnly implore him to acquaint my husband with that of my past history which I have hitherto withheld from him. Tell him that there are two packets in my desk, and the one which is tied with black ribbon is to be given my husband to read, by George Laurie, while he tells my story, and then to be buried with me in my coffin. The other packet is my will, and I call you all to witness"—she had raised her voice a little and, supposing herself heard by all in the room, proceeded solemnly—"I call you all to witness that the will which I have made bequeathing my property to a certain person, embodies my real wishes and that I die desiring it to be carried out."

"What does she say? Is she speaking to us?" cried two or three, pressing forward.

Madeleine turned round, earnestly waving them back.

"I cannot tell what she says. Retire—re-tire, I pray you!" said she, looking very white and scared; "I think she whispers of family matters which none should overhear but myself."

In the deep silence which followed, Mrs. Stanley averted her face and, folding her hands on her breast, moved her lips voiceless.

She stopped in her reflections to take off her dress, and to lay it, like a shimmering ghost of her pretty little self, on the sofa. Then she went back to the mirror, looking very small and slight and childlike, and, taking a silver-backed comb, began to thrid out her long ebony tresses, while she looked at herself with an air of innocent seriousness.

"I wish I knew which course to take," she sighed, still *sotto voce*, watching her crimson lips with some interest as they formed the words. "What would be most noble, most dignified? Ah! I am such a foolish child, that I can never reason logically. No! I will put it to the test of chance. Chance shall decide for me. But, what shall be the test? Ah, I know!"

With her head bewitchingly poised on one side, she severed a little tress from the rest, and approached with it close to the light.

"If I find one little gray hair here—and, oh!

have I not known sorrow enough to bleach my

not enter the church with such a gay, wicked little heart as mine, always filled with mirth and pleasure."

"No! no! you sha'n't take the veil," exclaimed Mr. Verne, fervently. "Proceed, my dear."

"Then I have a horde of fearful cousins," wept mademoiselle, wringing her hands afresh.

"Oh! such dashing cavaliers and court-bred dames! who all throw scorn upon poor little me because my mamma was what you call poetess and received money for her efforts; I can't go to them; I would die first!"

"No, no, poor child, you shall not go to them," cried Mr. Verne, still more ardently.

"But your guardian—have you no guardian?"

"No, monsieur," said mademoiselle, sadly.

"My guardian, papa's friend, died two years ago, leaving me in the care of the Sisters of the Convent of the Holy Cross, St. Omer. There Madame Stanley chanced to see me during her visit to France, the year before last, and was so kind as to love me and ask me to come to the beautiful America and live with her, whenever I was old enough to enter into society. I have money, monsieur; yes, plenty of money, but I have no one to love me, and to give me a home like that which I have lost by the ever-to-be-deplored death of my blessed madame!"

Here the little lady's distress burst forth with such violence that Maiblume, kneeling by her, passed her lovely arms around her and drew her to her shoulder, mingling tears with hers.

"Father, father!" cried she, looking up with the same sweet entreaty.

"Yes, my darling," said the author, taking one of Coila's tiny hands between his own, and patting it with deep affection. "Now, little girl," said he to Coila, "wipe these tears away and listen to me. Would you like to come and live here, to be Maiblume's sister and my dear charge?"

"Oh, say yes, dear mademoiselle!" cried Maiblume, with a burst of generous sympathy.

"We shall both love you so dearly, and cherish you so tenderly that you will never regret having given yourself up to us."

At Mr. Verne's proposition mademoiselle had uttered a faint cry, and had sprung to her feet light as a thistle-down. She now stood with clasped hands and dilated eyes, looking from the one to the other with an expression full frightened, half-rapturous, and wholly bewitching. At last her bosom began to heave, a wave of feeling swept over her innocent little blossom of a face, and, while large tears gushed from her passion-darkened eyes, she cried, in the faintest, most musical, and tremulous voice imaginable:

"Oh, Blessed Mother, dost thou see, dost thou hear?" She sank to her knees before the father and daughter, addressing them thus: "Friends, I cannot thank you; this cold language of yours has no words passionate enough. Friends, I can only live for you, calling down upon your dear heads every hour of every day the blessing of the orphan, of the stranger, of the heart-broken and helpless."

Here, with a burst of emotion, she rose and threw herself into their arms.

George Laurie, Mr. Verne's secretary, sat at his desk in his employer's study, busily copying manuscript, while the scene just described was going on in the drawing-room. Sometimes he laid down his pen and leaning his head upon his hand, would fall into profound and serious reverie, which he would anon shake off, and start up to pace the room with hurried steps, his brows knitted and his eyes fixed on vacancy.

"Did she confess all last night?" muttered he, at length, "or did her courage fail her once more? Good heavens, what a shocking occurrence! Poisoned! and by his own hand! Oh! is it possible that she made her confession, and that this is the result of it?" He came to a dead halt, looking out upon the frozen street and the streams of passengers muffled in furs and velvets, with unseeing eyes, then clenched his hands and stamped impatiently.

"What a young idiot I am!" he exclaimed. "Who but an idiot would weave this tragedy out of a tissue of circumstances such as these? No! The idea is preposterous! And her own servants say that she assured them as long as she had strength, that her husband gave her the poison by mistake. Well, I shall know all in time. When the will is read we shall see whether Mr. Stanley was in possession of its contents beforehand or not."

He went back to his desk with a resolute air, and applied himself to his work again, but soon threw it aside to run his fingers restlessly through his hair, and to resume his reflections.

"What an unfortunate thing that I should be mixed up in all this! For all the assistance I have been to her I might as well have been left out of the scrape. Still, if she has only told the truth, at last, and if no guilt has come of it, I ought not selfishly to reject the part which was thrown upon me to play. And the poor lady did seem sometimes to take comfort from the thought that I knew the worst, and encouraged her to do right. Well, well; I shall soon know all, and so, alas! I fear, will the scoffing and flouting world! Poor Rosa Stanley! I pity you dead more than I ever pitied you alive, for you go to the grave with the stain of shame fresh upon your name, whereas you might have lived it down, and been the happier and the better for it!"

He took up his pen with a heavy sigh, nor laid it down again until Mr. Verne entered, when the day's work went on as usual.

George lived in the house, and was held in high esteem alike by the author and his lovely

hair!—that little gray hair shall say to me, 'Bear to Monsieur George madame's last wishes!' and, miserable me! I shall obey."

She carefully parted the jetty lock, hair by hair, and when the last fell from her slender fingers, she uttered a low, gurgling cry of relief, and clapped her hands noiselessly.

"Destiny says 'be dumb' and dumb I shall be," said she, giving herself a parting glance before she fluttered away from the mirror.

She locked her chamber door, and drew the curtains closely across the windows, then she approached on tip-toe a tiny, gilded table, upon which stood an amber, inlaid desk.

"Madame's wishes must be fulfilled," said mademoiselle, demurely, unlocking the desk with a key which she took from a tiny drawer in the side of the desk. "The packet shall be buried with her, but unread—Monsieur Paul Stanley, unread."

Next morning the pretty Frenchwoman was taken, "quite desolated," from the house of affliction to the shelter of Mr. Verne's roof, where Maiblume, her lovely eyes all swollen with grief, welcomed her with streaming tears and hands outstretched in sympathy and welcome. Coila fluttered to her bosom and twined around her neck, faltering, amid a storm of sobs, monsieur, but, oh! tell me how to silence them."

The poet was quite master of himself now, and saw the inevitable necessity of taking a safe stand once and for all.

He spent a few minutes in detailing to Mademoiselle De Vouse exactly how the mistake had occurred, and by that time the doctor's examination was over, and his wife was speechless.

"I am too late; I can do nothing for her," said Dr. Talbot, stepping back to give place to the husband. "Her last moments are approaching."

As Stanley bent over his wife, mademoiselle, looking on with painful interest, she made a few feeble efforts to whisper something, but in vain, and great tears gushed from her eyes.

"Ross," said Paul, faintly, "the tragedy of the situation overwhelming him once more, 'have you nothing to say to me?—nothing?'

She gathered all her poor strength with one last effort, and, rising suddenly, flung herself into his arms, and in the act expired.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE DEAD WIFE'S LAST.

COILA DE VOUSE stood at last in her own room, slowly divesting herself of her ball-

close, and she flew to her side, murmuring a shower of sweetest endearments.

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daughter, both for the sterling faith and honor of his character, and its guileless transparency. Indeed, no one who knew George Laurie, and himself possessed an honorable and upright nature, could long withhold from him esteem and affection; while his frank, boyish good-spirits, and graceful, gentlemanly manner, recommended him to the favor of the ladies.

And yet, George Laurie was no stately hero of romance, conqueror of fortune and of hearts, but only a single-hearted gentleman, intent on making his way in the world through the straight and narrow path of unsullied integrity.

The night preceding the day appointed for Mrs. Stanley's funeral was spent by the devout little Frenchwoman on her knees, in prayer, beside the corpse of her idolized madame. No persuasions of Matilouine's could induce her to forego this melancholy vigil, nor would she permit a solitary attendant to bear her company. Indeed, they were all so accustomed to the clinging and timid manners of the convent-bred girl, that she astonished everybody by her devotion and fortitude on this occasion.

Behold her, then, in the pure white dress which was her almost invariable attire, kneeling in that black-draped chamber beside the caskets which held the remains of the once brilliant and beautiful Ross Stanley. Flowers everywhere, wreathing the shrouded mirrors, garlanding the empty bed, heaped in heavy profusion upon the still form in the narrow, glistening white couch in which it was to sleep forever. But no flower among them all, with sincerest petals of transparent snow, could vie with Coila in her drooping grace and purity!

Often they passed by the half-open door softly that they might not disturb her, and, looking in, they always saw her kneeling there, motionless, her hands crossed upon her bosom, her death-white face upturned toward heaven, and her long, black hair—a sable shroud—half enfolding her slight, shimmering figure, while the tapers shed their soft luster upon the still scene, and not a breath was heard.

But no one was in corridor or neighboring saloon when, at last, the tiny figure rose, softly, noiselessly as a wraith from shadowy stream, and gliding to the door, listened, finger on lip and dark eyes growing wild and wide. No one saw the lonely watcher flitting back as silently as a ray of light to the coffin; bending over the dead face in its fixed and stony pallor; slipping her small hands along the silver-studded edge, while her own face whitened to a ghastly likeness of that of the dead; slipping her small hands down the satin, and starting and uttering an involuntary cry when they came in contact with the rigid shoulders and marble arms within, running her trembling fingers along the edge of the lining in the bottom of the coffin, pausing with one hand on a place almost under the pillow, then, snatching a tiny case from her pocket, flashing out a pair of scissors, looking round toward the door with blanched face, black eyes and bated breath; then back to the coffin, ripping the lining where it met between the bottom and the side, holding the scissors in her clenched teeth while she drew from her bosom a small square packet, passing it through the slit and along the bottom of the coffin till it lay right under the dead lady's head; folding in the ragged edges of the slit, arranging the delicate lace of the pillow over the place, scattering a few white flowers over all, and stepping back with a low, shuddering hiss!

The scissors returned to the case, the case to her pocket; no one saw the gentle child throw up her clasped hands, nor heard her cry out in a burst of ungovernable emotion:

"Grand Dieu! I have done it for the best—I have saved my friend!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 313.)

#### DAISY BELL.

BY JOHNNIE DABE.

Yes, yes, my songs are joyous and gay,  
And my voice is happy and free,  
And bright as the birds on a summer day  
Are the songs I sing for thee;  
But down in my heart there's a deeper swell,  
The song of love for my "Daisy Bell."

Yes, yes, the stories are bright and fair  
The old legends and the old tales,  
A I twine my hand in your flowing hair,  
On your shoulders white as snow,  
But my heart can sweeten story tell,  
The story of love for my "Daisy Bell."

There's a sad, sad strain in my song to night,  
Though the notes are bright and gay,  
That I sing 'neath the softly-falling light—  
For Daisy has passed away:  
There's a grief in my heart I ne'er can tell,  
When I think of my lost love, "Daisy Bell."

#### FERGUS FEARNAUGHT; OR, Our New York Boys.

A STORY OF THE BY-WAYS AND THOROUGHFARES.

BY GEORGE L. AIKEN,  
AUTHOR OF "FALSE FACES," "BOY, THE  
RECKLESS," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

"Are all your meetings as quiet as this one?" inquired Clinton, as they gained the sidewalk.

In answer to this question Ping Loo contrived to inform them with some difficulty, owing to his imperfect knowledge of our language, that no music was to be heard at the regular meetings held at weekly intervals, but twice a year a great festival occurred, at which the worshippers indulge in chants, accompanied by instrumental music, made with an instrument resembling a flute or clarinet, which is the national musical instrument of China.

While Ping Loo was giving them this explanation, and tooting on the fore-finger of his right hand, to illustrate the flute, a couple of his countrymen came along, on their way to the Joss-house, and stopped to speak with him. They had procured new pocket images which they produced for his inspection, and they permitted the boys to look at them at the request of Ping Loo, and they were surprised to hear that they had been manufactured in New York.

These images, never more than three or four inches in length, are quaintly and curiously fashioned. Some represent human figures with bird or animal heads, and are very ugly-looking, while others are very handsomely carved, as the boys had seen.

The larger number of these miniature idols are brought from China, but many are of American manufacture. It is not a rare thing for a Chinaman to call upon a wood-carver and leave an order for an idol. He borrows an image from a brother Celestial, which he leaves with the carver for a pattern, and so secures one for himself.

Ordinary pocket idols are worth about one dollar, but of course the devotee may be as extravagant as he wishes and his means will permit; but ten or fifteen dollars will purchase the best idol in the market.

While our boys and the Celestials thus stood in a group together, Rowdy Rube, Johnny, the Chicken, and Ragged Terry came along on the other side of the street and perceived them.

"Only twig Ferg Fearnaut!" cried Rowdy Rube.

"And there's that swell with him," said the Chicken. "Go and muddy his boots, Terry, so I can get a chance to black them."

"Hold your horses!" interposed Rowdy Rube. "I know a dodge worth two of that I'm down on Ferg for the clip he gave me, and I'd like to get even with him. Say, Terry, I'll give you two cents if you'll slip over there, and tie the pigtais of two of those Chinee together. You're so little they won't see you. Here's a string."

He took a strong piece of twine from his pocket. Terry grinned; he was decidedly fond of mischief.

"Money down," he said, extending one diminutive hand, that was as dirty and as dingy as a monkey's claw. "No trust up this street!"

"You're too cute!" answered Rowdy Rube; and he gave him the pennies and the piece of twine.

Ragged Terry crossed the street nimbly, and creeping slyly up to the backs of the Chinamen, securely fastened their long queues together. Then he walked around them and began to beg of Clinton Stuyvesant.

Rowdy Rube and the Chicken remained on the opposite sidewalk and chuckled in anticipation of the sport that was to come.

"Please help a poor horphin!" whined Terry, extending his dirty paw to Clinton.

The aristocratic youth regarded him in surprise.

"Holloa! where did this animated rag-bag spring from?" he exclaimed.

"It's Ragged Terry!" cried Fergus. "Be off with you!"

He raised his foot to kick, but Ragged Terry skipped nimbly away, and applied his thumb to his nose mockingly.

"Yer didn't come it!" he piped.

The two Chinamen started to go, and each felt a vigorous tug at his cherished queue.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### THE PEANUT-STAND.

"OUGH! Ough!" shrieked both the Chinamen at the same moment.

"Leteet mee geee!"

Ping Loo went to their assistance, but he had to take his knife and cut the string to release them.

Rowdy Rube and the Chicken danced a jig delightedly on the opposite sidewalk.

"He did it!" cried Fergus.

"What, that ragged imp?"

"Yea."

"I'll pull his ears for it!"

Clinton made a rush for Terry, and Rowdy Rube and the Chicken darted up an alley-way and disappeared.

Clinton did not find the task of catching Ragged Terry as easy a one as he had anticipated. That diminutive youth dodged and doubled with an agility that was surprising; but Clinton's mettle was up, and he determined to capture him.

At last he closed in upon him, extended his hand to grasp him, when Terry ducked suddenly down on all fours and Clinton sprawled over him, falling at full length on the sidewalk, in an awkward and decidedly mortifying manner.

When Terry rose to his feet Fergus had him by the collar of his ragged coat.

"I've got you, you little scamp!" he cried.

"Oh—o-h—o-h!" howled Terry; and then, with a sudden twist of his litho body, he emerged from the coat, leaving it in Fergus' hands.

"If you've got him, hold him tight!" exclaimed Clinton, struggling up to his feet in a crestfallen manner. "Blast the little beast; he gave me an awkward spill!"

But the "little beast" darted across the street and jumped down an open cellar door, disappearing with a celerity that was almost magical.

"Well, that beats me!" cried Clinton.

Fergus looked rather foolish, standing with the ragged coat in his hand.

"And me, too!" he answered. "We can't catch him now."

"It looks very much like it. He has dived into his hole like a fox escaping from the hounds. Are you going to take that coat home as a trophy?"

"Faugh! I should say not. It's as filthy as a fish-basket. I'll drop it here. He'll come for it when we are gone."

Fergus threw the coat down.

"Where shall we go now?" he asked.

"Let's go up to the corner and see how Fleda's trade is at her stand to-day."

"All right."

They walked away, and as the curve in the street hid them from watchful eyes, forth from their hiding-places came Rowdy Rube, and the Chicken, and Ragged Terry.

Terry darted swiftly across the street, anxious to regain his ragged apparel, but as he picked it up, he saw something lying under it that made his little eyes bulge from his head like a lobster's.

"Oh, crickey!" he piped, shrilly.

"Halves!" cried Rowdy Rube, who came up at that moment.

"Thirds yer man!" exclaimed the Chicken, close following Rowdy Rube's heels. "Yer can just count me in, my covies!"

Ragged Terry clutched his prize covetously, and appeared to have a decided objection to any division. The two larger boys were one on each side of him, and watching him narrowly.

"If yer attempt to cut with it, I'll murder yer!" cried Rowdy Rube, savagely.

"And I'll put an existence to yer life!" added the Chicken, impressively.

Ragged Terry felt his weakness, but he was very loth to relinquish any portion of the prize he had so unexpectedly found.

"Tain't nuffin' much," he whined.

"None o' yer gammon—I see'd it!" cried Rowdy Rube.

"Don't yer lie to us, Terry," admonished the Chicken. "Fork over, or ye'll smell of that."

He held his clenched fist disagreeably near Terry's nose in a threatening manner.

"Come up the alley, and we'll divvy," said Rowdy Rube, clutching Ragged Terry by his right shoulder with a tenacious grip.

"We'll do the square thing by yer," added the Chicken, fastening in a like manner upon Terry's left shoulder.

Terry resigned himself to his fate, conscious that it was inevitable, and was led like a lamb to the slaughter.

Leaving the young rascals to make a division of their prize, we will return to Fergus and Clinton.

By this time they had reached the peanut stand on the corner of Baxter and Grand streets. It was rather a primitive affair, con-

sisting merely of a common old pine table, and a chair without any back. But Fleda had covered the table with nice white paper, and her wares were temptingly displayed in some quaint dishes—the remnants of a peculiar set which her mother had possessed in more prosperous days, and which she had spared Fleda for this purpose.

"How's trade?" inquired Clinton, as they paused before the stand.

"Tolerably brisk," replied Fleda, smiling in a manner that displayed her teeth to good advantage.

"As pretty as a picture, and as smart as a steel trap," Clinton thought, as he said, merrily: "I must patronize you a little, Miss Fleda, just to help along the trade, you know."

He put his hand in his pocket to extract his portemonnaie.

"Jumping Jupiter!" he ejaculated. "It's gone!"

This exclamation startled Fergus.

"What's gone?" he asked.

"My portemonnaie. Do you think any of those ragged scamps picked my pocket?"

Fergus shook his head dissentingly.

"No," he answered; "they couldn't do that."

There was only Ragged Terry, and he wasn't near you but a moment. I saw Rowdy Rube and the Chicken on the other side of the street, but they cut as soon as the Chinamen began to holler."

"I must have dropped it from my pocket when I fell over that little ragamuffin."

"So you must."

"Run right back and look for it," cried Fleda, sympathetically.

"You may find it."

"That's doubtful!" exclaimed Clinton, with a shake of the head. "I don't think anything of money would lay loose around this neighborhood for any length of time."

"You bet it wouldn't!" corroborated Fergus.

"But there's no harm in trying," insisted Fleda.

"Do go back; you may find it after a while."

"Well, there's nothing like trying, as you say; so come along, Fergus. We'll take a look for it, anyway."

The boys hurried back to the scene of their encounter with Ragged Terry, but they did not find the pocket-book, nor see anything of Ragged Terry, Rowdy Rube, or the Chicken.

"That fifty dollars has gone up!" remarked Clinton, in a very unconcerned manner.

Fergus looked grieved.

"It's a lot of money to lose," he rejoined.

"Pooh! that's nothing. I'll make the governor pony over some more. I wonder which of the scamps got it?"

"I'll try and find out for you," replied Fergus, quickly. "Perhaps I can get it back for you."

"Ah! you know the hiding-places of these young scallawags!"

"Yes; most of them. They've got a rendezvous, as they call it, under the pier at the foot of Dover street. That's where they carry their swag after one of their thieving expeditions. They don't dare to carry it to their homes, for fear of the police."

"I suppose not. Does this Ragged Terry belong to this gang of thieves?"

"Yes; he and Rowdy Rube and the Chicken, and lots more that live in the Fourth ward. I think if I go down to the den I shall find them there with the money."

"And do you think they would give it up to you?"

"Oh, yes; they're all afraid of me, as I have thrashed about all of them at different times; and, besides, there's two or three that I have got out of scrapes, and they would stand by me."

"Come along then; I'll go with you."

"But to Clinton's great surprise Fergus objected to this proposal in a very decided manner.

a man to venture into their amphibious den. Fergus quickly divested himself of his garments as he answered their greeting, and then jumped into the water. He had recognized all that were there: Micky Shea, Archie Quale, Johnny Cregan, Dicky Long, and two brothers, named respectively, Tommy and Billy Googan; but Rowdy Rube, Johnny Dugan, the Chicken, and Ragged Terry, were not among the swimmers.

Thinking they might be in the den, Fergus swam between the spiles, and clambered up to it.

The den was formed by nailing cross pieces to the spiles, about two feet below the top, and boards were laid across these, forming a floor. This served them as a receptacle for their stolen goods, as well as a hiding-place.

Fergus found the den unoccupied; the parties he sought were not there. He dropped back into the water again.

"No use fooling round here," he muttered. "I must look somewhere else for them."

He climbed up to the top of the pier, where he found all the boys collected.

"Goin' out, Ferg?" inquired Micky Shea.

"Yes," answered Fergus, beginning to dress himself.

"Why, you hain't been in but a minnit."

"Long enough. I only wanted a dip."

His example appeared to be contagious, for the other boys began to resume their clothes. This was not a lengthy operation, as none of them possessed any superfluous articles of wardrobe.

Presently a loud outcry burst from the lips of Tommy Googan, the youngest boy in the party.

"Somebody's gone through my pockets!" he cried. "You've stole my money, Dicky Long!"

"Yer lie!" retorted Dicky Long, promptly.

"Say that again and I'll belt you in the snout!"

"Give me back my money!" whined Tommy, retreating to his brother, who was a much larger and older boy than himself.

"I hain't got it—I've got my—O-h!"

Dicky Long had thrust his hands into his pockets as he spoke, and this sudden break in his words and exclamation was caused by the sudden discovery that they were empty.

"Somebody's been through me!" he added, excitedly.

"And me, too!" howled Micky Shea, Archie Quale, and Johnny Cregan, in a dismal chorus.

Billy Googan pretended that he had also been robbed.

"Don't you know who's done it?" he asked, significantly.

All eyes were turned upon Fergus, and he was not slow to comprehend the implication. He flushed indignantly, and turned quickly upon Micky Shea, an old adversary of his.

"You lying scamp! do you mean to say I stole your money?" he demanded, fiercely.

Micky drew a knife from his pocket, which opened with a spring and displayed a murder-looking blade, four inches in length.

"Keep off!" he shouted, brandishing the knife. "You've been a-whipping me for some time, whenever you got a chance, and you ain't goin' to do it no more. You've belted me in the snout and kicked me, and now if you tech me I'll just rip you up!"

"You just put down your knife, and I'll fight you with my left arm, till the right be hind me," said Fergus, persuasively. "You're the thief that's got the money, and you know it!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 309.)

choicest blessings to follow the steps of her true, tried friend.

The wedding morning dawned in all the perfection of a late winter's day. The sky was cloudless as sapphire, with an air that was balmy without a suggestion of warmth, and cold enough to make one's blood fairly riot in the delight of merely living to inhale it.

Early in the morning Mrs. Argelyne, Ethel and Leslie met in the dining-room, where they were served with coffee, toast, eggs and broiled chicken; after which Ethel made a leisurely toilet. Mrs. Argelyne gave a few last orders regarding the wedding-breakfast after the ceremony, and Leslie saw that the close clangor would be at the door at the proper time—eleven o'clock—after which he retired to the room known as "Mr. Verne's," and donned his wedding-clothes.

At five minutes of eleven Ethel came down stairs, attired in her dainty dress, which well set off her big dark eyes, her colorless complexion, and glorious golden hair, that she wore in her old way on this occasion, because Leslie had begged her to. And so it slipped and waved from where it was brushed high off her forehead, except a few short, stray tendrils, that curled irregularly over her low, white forehead, "way down over her shoulders and below her waist.

The filmy lisso ruche at her throat was fastened by a spray of white carnations, and over her forehead were two or three more. She looked surpassingly sweet, and none the less so that she was very quiet and serious. Leslie was awaiting her, and met her at the door with all his heart in his eyes.

"Kiss me, darling—for the last time before—"

He paused, playfully, lifting her chin in his hand, so that he could look down directly in her eyes.

"Oh, Leslie, how terrible that sounds! The last! What if it should become literally fulfilled?"

Her eyes were full of horror, her cheeks gashly, and Leslie looked at her in unfeigned astonishment.

"Why, Ethel, you surprise me beyond expression by your unwanted superstitions. Surely, darling, you do not for a moment dream I never shall kiss you again, do you?"

He drew her head to his breast, and kissed her lips tenderly, gently.

"Let me finish the sentence—the last before you are my darling wife. Laugh, Ethel, won't you?"

She smiled at his joyous, careful face; how could she help it?

"That is right. Aunt Helen, we are ready."

Mrs. Argelyne came in in a toilet of black silk and black lace overdress, her India shawl over her arm, and a carriage bonnet of velvet and jet on her gray braids.

"I am ready. Have you your shawl, Ethel, and your cloud for your head?"

Leslie tenderly folded Ethel's Paisley around her shoulders, while Mrs. Argelyne threw the snowy scarf over the golden hair, stealing kisses between from the girl's cool cheeks.

It was just eleven when the unostentatious bridal party drove from Mrs. Argelyne's residence, and ten minutes past when the single coach drew up in front of St. Ilde's—an ivy-covered, solemn-looking place that, even amid the surging tides of fashion and thoughtlessness that flowed continually by its silent walls, bore on every stone the mute sign "sanctuary." A quiet, solemn place, filled with the dim, religious light! Ethel so loved and revered, and which struck her with a peculiar awe as she went up the wide aisle, leaning on Leslie's arm.

There were a half-dozen strangers or so scattered among the pews, possibly who had incidentally heard of a wedding, and Mrs. Argelyne involuntarily smiled at the utter absence of anything like pomp or ceremony at Ethel's wedding.

To her, who had attended so many bridal ceremonies, it certainly did seem strange; to Leslie, who only thought of the possessionship the hour would bring him, it was well enough; and to Ethel, the bonny, grave-eyed bride, it was in perfect union with every feeling of her nature. The quiet matter-of-factness, that comparative privacy, were inexpressibly befitting the sadness of the occasion. For a second, as the low, solemn tones of the gray-haired clergyman smote her ears, a dizzy, heart-sick sensation swept over Ethel; it was so strange—so strangely soon to be listening again to her marriage service. It was only such a little while since she had given herself to another, and here she was waiting to respond to the solemn questions that would bind her forever, dissolve the slightest tie that bound her to Frank Havelstock or his memory. She listened, at first in a dazed sort of way, as that dispelled itself into a quiet sort of calmness, as she heard the beautiful words of the service; and when she looked up once, half shyly, in Leslie's face, and saw the perfect love in his face, the tender pride, as if by magic the last strange, vague presentiment vanished—vanished under the touch of the hand in which she laid her own, promptly, trustfully, as the words were said in slow, emphatic, solemn way, that made her the wife of Leslie Verne.

With an ardent caress, her husband stooped his head to kiss her.

"At last—little one—little darling, little wife!"

The proud protectiveness in his words, the conscious rightfulness of his kiss and embrace, were very precious to her, and she was happy—as she had dreaded she never would be.

Mrs. Argelyne's eyes were moist with happy tears as she greeted Ethel.

"I need not wish 'may you be happy,' dear. There's no doubt about it—you will be. My boy's wife couldn't fail to be—only love him—it is all he asks."

Ethel caressed the hand that had grasped hers, affectionately.

"You don't know how dearly I do love—my—my husband."

She glanced timidly at Leslie, who heard her sweet words, saw her shy, blushing pride.

"Thank you," he said, simply, but there was such perfect content in the words that went right to Ethel's heart.

"We will go home now, auntie; my wife and I are ready, if you are."

"I—oh, yes. Your shawl, dear—here it is." She handed it to Leslie, who laid it over Ethel's shoulders.

"Turn a little while I fasten it—just a little."

Ethel turned—just a little. Turned, so that her back was to the chancel, and her beautiful flushed face toward her husband; turned so that she could see the unbidden guests at her marriage as they went slowly out the door, nodding and conversing in low, curious, gossiping tones; and saw, what neither her husband saw, for his back was to the door, as he fastened her shawl, nor Mrs. Argelyne, who was speaking to the clergyman.

He did not question her; in her condition it was keenest cruelty to attempt such a thing.

A terrible sight it must have been, for Leslie

gave a sharp cry of alarm at the sudden blanching of her face, the swift relaxing of her figure, that fell as if smitten by a lightning stroke prone at his very feet.

Mrs. Argelyne gave an echo to Leslie's terror, and they essayed to raise her.

"The excitement has made her faint—that is all. Don't look so terrified, Leslie; brides quite frequently faint. She will recover in a moment; fan her."

But the shadow on the young husband's face did not lighten then, nor for many weary days, and weeks and months thereafter; he looked anxiously, gloomily at the deathly face, with its ashen lips, its part-closed eyes that looked as if a Medusa head had turned them into their gaze of horror and fear, so strong was their soulless glare.

For several minutes they waited anxiously for the sign of returning life that did not come; and then, as Leslie read in Mrs. Argelyne's face a dawning uneasiness, he became nearly frenzied with fear and sorrow.

"It is not an ordinary faint, aunt Helen—I am sure of it. Feel her hands—they are colder than death and as clammy as a corpse. Oh, aunt Helen, is she dead? My God—is she dead?"

He knelt on the floor beside her, rubbing her limp hands, and kissing her unconscious lips with a frenzied eagerness that seemed enough, of its own sufficiency, to call her absent spirit back. He smoothed her hair off her deathly cold forehead, white as marble, and called on her to speak, for the sake of all the deathless love he bore her.

It was touching—his great agony, his great love, and the clergyman wailed hard to keep his tears back.

"Send the footman for Dr. Charlton—"

He began the command just as Dr. Charlton came up the aisle, and Mrs. Argelyne hurriedly replied she had sent at the first.

He felt of Ethel's pulse, of her heart; listened at her chest and at her lips; then frowned, puzzled.

"She is in an unusually deep swoon—that is all, and will revive all right without doubt. There must have been an unusual predisposing cause—have you the least suspicion?"

But no one knew anything of it—except the senseless girl, who had met Frank Havelstock's eyes, as he went out of the church, where Fate had led him, to see his deserted wife married to Leslie Verne.

#### CHAPTER XLIII.

##### COMING BACK TO HER SORROW.

It seemed an eternity to the frightened, anguish-stricken husband—the minutes that intervened between the decision of Dr. Charlton and the sharp, sudden resumption of sense and consciousness that came to Ethel as suddenly as they had forsaken her.

They were all standing around her as she lay on the scarlet-cushioned seat, her head pillow'd on her shawl and Mrs. Argelyne's.

Leslie stood by her head, eagerly watching the signs of returning life that gave no forewarning of its coming; Mrs. Argelyne stood by her feet, as anxious, and alternately looking at Ethel's white face and Dr. Charlton's, as he held the limp wrist in one hand, his watchful eye steadily directing the closing of the doors, stood at a little distance, watchful and silent.

On this group, Ethel opened her eyes, as she gave a little shiver, and a sobbing sigh, with the taking up of the burden again.

Leslie caught her hand eagerly.

"Ethel, darling, don't move or speak! Thank God for a sight of your sweet eyes again!"

She looked up in his face with an expression of intense dread and fear; then glanced quickly at Mrs. Argelyne's, then at the strange face of the physician, as if expecting yet mortally fearing to see some one else.

"Ethel! do you feel better? do you remember feeling ill or dizzy?"

She only answered by a vaguely painful look in her terrified eyes, that made Leslie's heart sink again in a new, terrible fear.

"Darling, you have been very ill. Won't you whisper to me and say you are better?"

He slipped an arm softly under her neck as he spoke, in a tone of low, tender softness. She essayed to shrink from his encircling arm, with a still deeper look of hunted horror freezing in her eyes.

Leslie felt the shrinking of her slight figure, and drew his arm quietly away.

They waited a second for an answer, then, very gravely. Dr. Charlton seated himself in a chair from the chancel that the clergyman had quietly handed him.

"If you are able, Mrs. Verne, I wish you would answer a few questions. I will not weary you."

She shivered as if doused with ice-water as she spoke her new name—the first time she had heard it—oh, horrid mockery!

Dr. Charlton saw the flitting horror cross her face, but he said nothing regarding it, and went on in professional questioning.

"You were well—apparently, in the early part of the day, Mrs. Verne?"

Again that strange tremor trembled perceptibly over her, but she answered him in such a strange, unnatural tone that Mrs. Argelyne and Leslie involuntarily exchanged troubled glances.

"Perfectly well."

It was all she said, and Dr. Charlton nodded slowly.

"You have never had any attacks of heart complaint—not in the habit of fainting?"

"No."

The doctor knit his brows reflectively.

"I really cannot see what reason there is for the lady's sudden indisposition! There seems no predisposing cause, physically, for the certainly remarkable nervous prostration from which she is suffering. However—and he rose briskly, cheerfully—"a little care and a few hours' perfect rest will work such wonders that Mrs. Verne will be able to receive all the congratulations due her."

He smiled down in Ethel's tired, pitiful face, as if to inspire her with his views; but she only drooped her lids wearily over her eyes, and turned her head slightly away.

After the physician had gone, Mrs. Argelyne and Leslie assisted her to arise, and wrapped her in the shawls that seemed incapable of warming her, judging from the continuous shiver she was in.

"Lean on me, little wife; don't be afraid of your slight weight. Lean heavily, dear."

Leslie was so solicitously tender, and Mrs. Argelyne hovered around her, with cheery, hopeful encouragement, as Ethel walked tremblingly down the aisle, leaning on Leslie's arm, yet shrinking from his touch; trying to hasten from the place, yet peering into the corners and before her, with wild, frightened eyes, as if dreading to go. They escorted her safely to the carriage, between them, and she was driven rapidly home, sitting beside Leslie in a dazed, silent, helpless way, that nearly drove him wild.

He acted as a speedy exhalant, and he felt new courage as the weakness of his knees ceased, and less craven fear as the exciting liquor rose to his brain.

What did it all mean, anyhow?

He found himself asking the question as he was being driven rapidly along.

but Leslie held her hand in his, in a warm, ardent, gentle pressure that was sympathy itself.

Did it mean a discovery of his crime, and a blazoning to all the world his frightful honor? Did it mean that Ida Wynne would learn the unenviable position she occupied, or that he himself must pay the penalty of having deliberately broken the laws of the land?

It was an ugly word that stared him relentlessly in the face, then. It had stared at him before, in the vague, dim distance; but now, right beside him, in dancing, red letters, like little grinning imps it faced him—*BIGAMY!*

The cold sweat broke out on his face in great clammy beads; his teeth chattered, despite his desperate effort to preserve his composure, and when the driver of the coach suddenly drew up in front of his office, he actually shrunk back in the corner, with restlessly defiant eyes, as if all the world was in one grand conspiracy against him. He counted the fare out on the man's palm, and dismissed him; then entered the office and locked the door after him, and lowered the shade.

He threw his hat and cane and gloves on the sofa, and began a nervous promenade, that gradually grew less aimless and rapid as the moments went by and he obtained fuller control of his reasoning powers, that

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ROMANCE OF THE BLACK HILLS!

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## KANSAS KING:

OR,  
The Red Right Hand.

BY HON. WM. F. CODY ("BUFFALO BILL,"

AUTHOR OF "DEADLY-EYE."

Over the celebrated *Mauais Terres* of Wyoming—the "Bad Lands" of the Sioux country—but now known to contain within its bosom a region of almost Arcadian beauty, and rich in gold deposits, Buffalo Bill has roamed, scouted, hunted and prospected until the very Sioux know him as

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Lone Dick, the Solitary Trapper,

Red Hand, the Outlaw's Dread-

every one is drawn from life, and stands forth so characterized as to be recognized by every old plainsman.

The story leads two bands of adventurers into that *forbidden region*, there to encounter not only the infurited Red-Men, led by White Slayer, but also a troop of border bandits under Kansas King, and thus is precipitated a train of events that renders the narrative thrilling to the last degree; and that the

BEAUTIFUL RUTH RAMSEY, Daughter of the Exploring Train, AND

PEARL, THE CHILD OF THE LEDGE-LOGGE

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Who is the fierce white man-hater, the Gray Chief, the Lone Man of the Hills?

Who is Red Hand, the marvelous scout and mysterious rover of the Plains?

Around them the author has thrown a rare interest—a mystery that, in the unraveling, gives to the story a third feature to excite admiration and pleasure.

The Romance is one of Buffalo Bill's Finest Productions, and will add measurably to the fame of the noted

Author, Scout, Hunter and Guide.

## Sunshine Papers.

### Polychromatics.

I WAS inveigled into attending a bazaar, at one of our city churches, not long since, where one of the chief attractions was the art gallery. Not one of those art galleries filled with stale jokes, that one may guess by just reading the catalogue, but a *bona fide* gallery of art. The walls were hung with immense cartoons, drawn by a well-known artist and caricaturist, in the shape of life-sized portraits. There was the poet Swine-burne, Charley Ross, the Fairest of the Fair—though which one of the several dozens of dam-sels engaged in benevolent schemes, as connected with this fair, the portrait was supposed to represent, was a matter open to a score of suppositions—and many other excellent likenesses. But the greatest attraction was the blackboard, upon which the artist, using both hands, drew rapidly, at the same moment, and in an almost incredibly short space of time, distinct and excellent portraits of two distinguished persons. With a swiftly erased line there, or an added one here, the expressions and attitudes of these pictures would be singularly and completely changed. Only a person who has watched for an hour or two the manipulation of crayon in the hands of a good caricaturist can imagine the real fun to be enjoyed at such an entertainment. Nor did the artist confine his chalk photography to delineations of the features of the Funeral Poet, the Powerful Mind, the Veteran Smoker, and such celebrities. An easel heavily sheeted with brown paper was in constant demand, and orders from visitors for their pictures were too numerous for the gentleman to fill them all. Of course, these crayon portraits were rapidly drawn, and though many of them were excellent likenesses, they were all more or less caricatures of the persons they essayed to represent, though the artist himself designated them by the more acceptable term of Polychromatics.

When the attractions of the art gallery had been duly discussed I ventured into other departments of the bazaar, and polychromatics accompanied me. I could not get that

word out of my mind. As I wandered by bowers of flowers and tables of fancy work, listened to gay greetings, and scanned the panorama of faces, polychromatics remained with me.

It is a dreadful sign when one soon wearsies of bustle and confusion. It portends a decline of the tireless vivacity of perfect youthfulness. But sad is the deduction to be drawn from the fact, I found myself getting absolutely tired, and seeking a sheltered seat. Such a retreat I discovered, completely embowered between the floral temple and the evergreen arches of the confectionery stand, and was just about to sink into it, with a sigh of relief, when several persons hurried toward me, several hands were extended, and several voices queried all the unimportant little nothings of greeting.

"Have you seen the polychromatics?" I said, as soon as I got the chance to say anything.

No, they had not. What were they? "Would I come, too?" "No! Wall, would I be in this same place when they came back to rejoin me?" These inquiries having been duly and satisfactorily answered, my friends vanished to behold the marvels of polychromatics, while I, left alone, dropped into a reverie, into which these fragments of conversation intruded themselves.

"Here comes Charlie Howard. I'll look to him for a button-hole bouquet. He would not buy any other, for he puts on such airs about not caring in the least for ladies, though all the time he is the most complete coxcomb, thinks every girl who looks at him is in love with him, and any woman upon whom he smiles must never accept a kind word from any other mortal!"

"Oh, Mr. Howard, what a pleasure to see you here. You are deserting your old friends outrageously of late. You are not missed! No, you can fish so barefaced for compliments! No, it is not more compliment, either, but sincerity, when I affirm that you are missed sadly. You would like some of my pretty flowers? Of course you would? Will you have one of these elegant bouquets for some lady friend? Not! Then you will take one of these small ones for yourself. This one will do. I know just your taste—you always choose such exquisite flowers. Thirty cents, if you please!"

"Ah! Mr. McGrange! Two of these little bouquets? Well, choose them yourself. Sixty cents? Why, not in the least! If you were purchasing a bouquet for a lady you would have to pay several dollars, you know."

"How could I say that to him when I knew one was for his girl? Oh! Sue, you are too kind-hearted! I hate to see young fellows so mean. If he wanted to give her flowers at all why did he not buy her a decent bouquet?"

"He only gets a small salary! Well, and if he doesn't, what business has he to wait upon a young lady at all? He is ordinarily sensible, and he must know that girls do not want beau who cannot show their devotion in free expenditure of money. There now! Here comes Lib Ellis and her lover. He is one who knows how to win a girl's admiration."

"Good evening, Mr. Grandison. Oh! Lib, you darling! It is an age since I have seen you. Why do you not come round oftener? That bouquet is only ten dollars, Mr. Grandison. Exquisite, isn't it, Lib? I know tea-squares are your favorites. You'll take it!"

"How delicious it is to have such friends, Lib."

"What did you say, Sue? You are surprised that Lib Ellis should encourage such a man? Why, my dear Sue, you are too refreshingly green. I know he has not much brains, but he has piles of money, and if one cannot have the two combined, they would be idiots not to choose the money. His temper and reputation? Why, Sue, a woman is a fool who cannot keep on the safe side of a man's temper by a little strategy and a few lies; and as for his reputation, why, reputation doesn't count anything against money in the social world! Lib looks poorly! Well, yes; I think so. You see she was awfully fond of Lee Upright, but she turned him off for Grandison, and perhaps it worries her somewhat; for Lib gave promise, when she graduated, of being one of your thoroughly strong-minded women, to whom social station and wealth counts nothing beside duty and all that sort of bush. But, really, Lib has proved herself quite a woman. How she will smile at her youthful sentimentality, and dreams of love and a third-story back, when she lives in her mansion and drives in her phæton! She may weep? Well, Sue, you are too innocent to live!"

"Oh! back again! and how did you like the polychromatics?" I ask, emerging from my pocket.

Yes, yes. Quite so. I have been studying polychromatics, and I find it too true.

### A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

### PERPLEXITIES.

We have a great many perplexities to encounter as we journey through this life, and probably not one out of ten can escape them. To some they are of some moment, to others the mere trifles, yet, to all, they seem like mountains and mountains of too great a height ever to be surmounted.

It perplexes many to have company come when they are unprepared to receive them. The extra fine table-cloth must be used, the silver forks put in order, in fact, everything we have to make a fine show of must be put into requisition to let people see that some folks can make as good a show as some other folks. To remedy this perplexity of being unprepared for company I would recommend you to always be prepared.

A lady was quite perplexed because company came while she was at dinner, and the wall she sent forth was something like the following: "I never felt so mortified in all my life. Mrs. Jones came while we were at dinner, and we had a stained cloth on the table and some of the dishes didn't match, and I had on one of my dingiest, most old-fashioned dresses eye ever beheld. What do you suppose she must have thought?"

If she were a woman of sense she must have thought the lady in question thought more of company show than of home attention. I never could nor can imagine why all this parade and fuss is made for "company," who are not one whit better than ourselves, and then live along in a slouchy way ourselves, just as though we were nobodies and company the only ones we should "fix up" for.

Our lives are short, at the best, and we ought to devote as much of our time to our own kith and kin as we do to outsiders, and it perplexes me to know why we don't do so.

It perplexes us to have friends we have thought much of, and done much for, seem callous to our endeavors; to tire of us so soon, and to find only a cold reception where we once received a warm greeting. Half the time we do not know the reason of this change.

When they came around collecting for the little intelligent African heathen yesterday, I graciously gave them the last cent I had with me. It wasn't a bogus cent, either, but a real good one, payable in candy at any grocery in town. Do you suppose we are like a hawk that grows

wearisome as it gets too much read, that some people throw us aside because we seem to them to be stupid, just as we would a stupid book?

It is perplexing to have our schemes turn out contrary to our expectations—that what we have labored so long to achieve proves only a failure—that the bright orb we pursued, with so much vigor, bursts like a fragile, filmy, many-hued soap-bubble. To add to our perplexities comes the aggravating remark of "I told you so," or "I knew how it would be." It seems hard enough to be non-successful without having it thrown in your teeth every half-hour of the day.

Some people are in great perplexity in knowing whom to select for a life-partner, so they write letters to editors concerning this momentous epoch of their lives and scorn to take the advice of those nearer home. The editors generally advise them to the best of their ability, but it always seems to me that when these lovers write concerning their quarrels, the editors only get a one-sided sort of story, and I should think they would find it a perplexing business to know just exactly how to answer these missives. I suppose, however, that editors are so pestered with perplexities that scarcely anything perplexes them.

Many people have numerous calls on them for the loan of money, and are perplexed as to how to frame an excuse for not lending it with out giving offense. I know some people desire to borrow money, and if their request is not complied with, they get quite mad, just as though they had a right to claim other people's money, and so some people let their money slip through their fingers rather than have a bill made about it. Just as soon as any one makes a little money there come a whole pile of harpies on him to drain him of his wealth, seemingly as if he were too perplexed to know what to do with his funds, and so they have come to teach him and help him to use it, perplexing him to know how to get rid of these human leeches, that bleed him as long as he has a drop of blood in the shape of greenbacks or currency about him.

As life is pretty well made up of annoyances the best we can do is to bear them with as much patience and fortitude as we can command. The day will come when we shall be called away from them all, and I hope none of us will carry our perplexities into the next world, and I don't think any of us will be allowed to do so. I don't want to trouble myself with the concerns of this world after I have left it, and I suppose you, from the bottom of your hearts—and I cannot blame that—my spirit will not be allowed to come back and write more essays. Don't be alarmed! Eve and I will not perplex you when we die. Don't you feel better for that assurance?

EVE LAWLESS.

### Footscap Papers.

### A Liberal-Minded Man.

I AM one of the most liberal-minded men that ever was accidentally cast upon this earth—or any other.

For liberality and generality I can't be beat—I mean, for liberality and generosity. (I borrowed this pen, and am not responsible for what it writes, anyway.)

I don't care a cent for money. I never bother myself with it—I never have very much to bother with—this pen again!

If I had one million dollars—and I would give it if I had as much as I wanted—I would give it all away before I knew what I was doing.

If people would only stop and think a moment and reflect that money was all nonsense, and burn up what they have got, and get along without it, we would then all be on a common footing, and have no trouble.

I never could keep any of it in my pockets, just because I was so liberal and thought it was a trouble to carry it around.

If a poor man ever came to me with a pitiable story of suffering, and I had nothing to give him, I always gave him nothing with the most reckless benevolence—and added something to it.

No book-agent ever came around to me that I did not buy his book or kick him out of the house. I sometimes gave him more than he came for, as he would remark at the corner grocery store afterward.

I never thought very much of money. Other people accumulated it and stored it away, but I always looked upon it as trash and got suddenly rid of all that happened to be forced upon me.

They say the small-pox is circulated around by bills, so I avoid them.

If a poor, starving beggar would come to me, I always pulled out my pocket-book without a word or without a question, and—admitted him there was nothing in it. It isn't every one that will do that. I was always generous enough to send him right to my neighbor, and he would go there gladly.

What is ten cents, I would like to ask? Only a dime. You can make nothing more out of it. Then why should people cling to their money so?

What good, I would like to know, does money in your pocket do? And what good does it do to lay it up? for you can't take it along with you when you die, unless you get it converted into bonds, payable in gold, with which you can ornament your casket.

If any one ever worked for me I always paid him more than the work was worth. I enjoyed in doing so.

I lately hired a fellow to saw a cord of wood, and when done I gave him a hoop skirt. He objected to it. I told him that skirt cost four dollars, a year ago, and asked him if it should not be worth more now, with the interest added to it? He said he couldn't rightly say. I told him he couldn't sit down to make one like it for three times the sum. He said he would rather not take it—that he had no use in the world for it, but I just forced it upon him. He said he had never seen such a lady.

To the man who made a little garden for me last year, worth only two dollars, I gave an acre and a half to him. He had to repair the fence, and the stones were of huge stone slabs well cemented together, and the largest cost £30,000. If it may be assumed that the four other towers cost on an average £30,000 each we should have tenth of a million invested in these buildings alone. Add that Sir Jamshid gave 100,000 square yards of land, and defrayed the expenses of a road, and some idea may be formed of the cost of the whole cemetery. They are under charge of the Parsee sect, who are noted for their rigid exclusiveness, and it was something of a surprise to the natives as well as to foreigners that the permission was granted. The origin of this singular method of disposal of the dead is due to the veneration with which the Parsees regard the elements. Fire is too pure to be polluted by committing corpses to the flames; water is too pure to be polluted by committing corpses to the water; earth is too pure to be polluted by committing corpses to the earth.

When they came around collecting for the

little intelligent African heathen yesterday, I graciously gave them the last cent I had with me. It wasn't a bogus cent, either, but a real good one, payable in candy at any grocery in town.

Do you suppose we are like a hawk that grows

I never yet stooped to pick up a five-dollar bill on the street. Perhaps I never saw one lying there, but, even if I did, I would go by it, then circulate around it a little, and, if I did pick it up, it would be for the express benefit of somebody who was poor.

The money I have given for the benefit of hospitals could not be counted; it was countless.

Fool, hungry tramps, who have applied at my door, always said they got generous board, although they *would* add that it was a little too thick, and laid on with both hands.

I never gave a man a thrashing that I did not give it to him with the most unbounded liberality; as he would remark to the doctor while he was sewing him together, or mending his head with glue.

I have always considered it far better to give than to receive, so I always gave my note rather than receive another man's; and when I give a note I always let the holder take his own to collect it; I don

## THE ENCHANTED RING.

An Allegory.

BY RUSTICUS.

Hassim Ben Adir trod the forest wild,  
Musing in philosophic solitude,  
The summer breeze was bazy, fragrant, mild.  
The rich, bold, tropic heat exhal'd.  
Some knotty problem corrugates his brow,  
And partly to himself he murmurs: "How  
Is mortal man to know the wrong from right?  
I grope in darkness, seeking for the light;  
I would be better if I could see,  
Yet never do the thing I would.  
Oh! for some one unerring guide  
To lead me out of virtuous side."

A subtle presence fills the forest glade—  
His limbs they tremble and his blood it froze;  
He gazes at the awful sight dismayed—  
A Gentle from the gaping earth arose.  
He speaks—"Ber. Adir, list to every word;  
Thy sighing after knowledge I have heard.  
'Twas I who led thy steps to-day within this wood,  
To give the power to know the evil from the  
good."

Take thou this charmed, potent ring  
And thou shalt feel its mystic sting—  
Sharp and sev'rel its hidden prong,  
When thou dost contemplate a wrong.

So long as thou shalt choose the path of right,  
And upright in thy dealing seek to be,  
Tw'ld bid the bazy darkness flee and light  
As though by any circling band 'twas free;  
But sudden, quick and sharp shall be the pain—  
From finger-tip unto the very brain,  
Its warning dart shall pierce thee through and  
through.

When thou hast sinned a wicked thing to do.  
And when thou shalt feel the lipping smart  
Of its concealed mystic dart,  
It thou to slight the warning dare—  
And do not from the wrong forbear."

Erre he could conjure the specter grim had flown.  
Had fancy conjured it with magic wand?  
Ah, no! for though he stood here all alone,  
The ring enchanted glittered on his hand.  
Thriss happy Hassim! this auspicious hour  
Had given to him the long-wished, God-like  
power—

A constant monitor to safely guide  
His wavering footsteps where the paths divide—  
A warning finger-post, so bright,  
To point the path of wrong from right.  
With such a guide could er he fail?  
He was but mortal, after all!

Some time he heeded well the warning dart;  
Watch'd for the o'er-crowd with jealous care;  
Soy'd bravely with his oft-rebuked heart—  
And sought to make his actions always fair;

But soon the constant warning and the sting  
Of the mysterious, enchanted ring  
Grew irksome, and a burden, day by day,  
And fretted it to the heart away.

The ring claimed for which he'd sought,  
Impatient of the way it taught,  
Relapsed to worse than he had been.

Like Hassim, we all have a warning guide;  
If we heed it well its steps 'twill bring  
From error's way to truth and virtue's side;  
And CONSCIENCE is the charmed, enchanted  
ring.

Who has it? its pricks will surely choose the right;  
'Twill lead us out of darkness into light.  
But who like Hassim of the warning tires,  
Or reasons that no warning he requires,  
And 'gainst the mentor shuts his heart,  
From him the angel will depart.

To all the finer feelings dead.

For from him CONSCIENCE will have fled.

## The Men of '76.

"Old Put."

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

ISRAEL PUTNAM, the typical Yankee farmer, was equally the typical Yankee soldier. Uncultivated, in the sense of having only a meager school education—rude, in the sense of being devoid of all "society" manners—inexperienced, in the sense of having seen almost nothing of the world, he stepped upon the stage in middle life, when he was already the father of a considerable family, to steadily advance from the lowly position of scout and wood-ranger in the Old French War to that of Major-General in the War of Independence. His life thus offers a striking illustration of the fact that "merit will tell in the long run" in this country, where the Old World law of *caste* lays no prohibition upon talent nor forces genius to stand aside for a privileged class.

Israel, the eleventh child of twelve children, was born at Salem, Mass., January 7th, 1718, of good Puritan stock, and grew to manhood on the paternal farm, a hard-working, efficient, respected son of a thrifty race. His youth was almost wholly devoid of interest. Like all farmers' sons of that day, every week day was a day of toil; economy was driven to the verge of denial; education was deemed wholly immaterial, and to travel beyond the township limits was a rare occurrence. Hence, Israel remained a toiler, until coming "of age" he was legally released from the *obligation* of service to his father; then, like all young men of his class, he married and "started for himself," by migrating, in 1740, to the town of Pomfret, Conn. There, having purchased a goodly body of land, he in due time became a well-to-do farmer, and the father of a steadily-growing family of sons and daughters.

The man's indomitable courage rarely was tested in his rather monotonous life; but, annoyed by the degradations of an old she-wolf, on his sheepfold, he and his neighbors tracked the ravenous beast to her den, in a rock-ledge, three miles from the farm, and then occurred an adventure which showed how utterly devoid of fear he was. Every effort to dislodge the wolf from its lair, by means of dogs and fire, having failed, Putnam, against the protests of his neighbors, crept into the den that ran far into the ledge, and shot the brute just as it was about to dash upon him. He dragged the trophy to the light, and his daring act became a theme of remark, even in the Old World, so that when, a few years later, he entered the Colonial service as captain of rangers, he was known as "Old Wolf" Putnam, although he had none of the *wolf* in his nature, being one of the most kind hearted and good-natured of men.

The old French-English War, known in history as the "Seven Years' War," opened in America by three movements. That of Bradfod, at Fort Duquesne, we have described in the paper on Washington. That on the French forts on Lake Champlain was committed to the provincial troops of the New England States. Putnam, without military knowledge or experience, but from his known courage and capacity, was made a captain, and to his company flocked the bravest of the Connecticut young men. This company, under his command, achieved a wonderful reputation. *Hi* all the several campaigns against the French along the Lakes and in Canada "Putnam's Rangers" were ever foremost as scouts and spies. They seemed to "take to the woods" by instinct, and were ever the match of the cunning savages in artifice, prowess and endurance, while the French regulars found in the partisan officer a foe so vigilant and brave that he became, in their eyes, a kind of Forest Cid. His feats, and adventures, and most marvelous escapades during the campaigns of 1755-56-57-58, form some of the strangest and most exciting stories of our Colonial history. In August of 1758 he was, for the first time in his life, captured by the enemy, in a reconnaissance of, and fierce fight near, the French post at Ticonderoga.

The savages treated him with great brutality, and finally prepared to put him to death at the stake, when the French commander, Molang, rescued the prisoner at the very moment when the fire was being lit, greatly to the anger of the Indians. Putnam, then a Major in rank, was sent, in most wretched plight, to Montreal, to be finally exchanged and sent home.

He returned to the campaign of 1759 as a Lieutenant-Colonel, and in it added to his now splendid reputation, by numerous acts and services. In that of 1760 he was also active and alert, and was "in at the death" when the last French post—that of Montreal—fell before the victorious English and Colonial forces. That was the end of French rule in Canada. But, the fight was transferred to the West Indies; and, as the Spaniards had coalesced with the French against England, the latter struck at Cuba, in the summer of 1762. Putnam was at the assault of Havana, leading the Connecticut regiments.

In 1764 the celebrated "Stamp Act" of George III. was proclaimed. It aroused intense opposition through all the colonies. Putnam denounced it so openly that he became very offensive to the "loyalists," and especially so as he directed the movement which drove the stamp commissioners from the colony. Putnam's attitude was so defiant that no stamp paper ever was issued in Connecticut.

With the prize money obtained in England for the capture of Havana, several of the officers resolved to found a colony on the Mississippi. Putnam entered into this project, and with others made a journey to where Natchez now stands, and the next year (1767) this colony was started under happy auspices. But, events in the colonies were marching on too rapidly to revolution to promote the scheme, and Putnam, in common with others, began to prepare the people, by organization and military drilling, for the impending struggle.

The news of the bloody doings of the British troops at Lexington, on the ever memorable 19th of April, 1775, flew fast over the country by horseback messengers, tapping their drums as they rode—the concerted signal to rise. Putnam was plowing with a yoke of oxen in the field when the messenger paused and gave the news. Leaving the plow in its furrow, and sending his little son home with the oxen, with orders to tell "the mother," Putnam took his fastest horse and rode away to Cambridge, where he attended the council of war held on the 31st. The Connecticut Assembly, however, needed him in council, and he rode back to Hartford, only to reappear in a week's time as a Brigadier-General, at the head of Connecticut's forces.

Breed's Hill was fortified, at Putnam's own suggestion, as being higher than Bunker's Hill, and to its works on the night of June 6th, along with Col. Prescott, he gave his personal supervision, working with a spade in the trenches. When the British assaulted on the 17th, Putnam, as a volunteer, remained with the Massachusetts troops and participated in the conflict, which was twice a victory and then a retreat under heavy fire.

Washington arrived to assume general command, July 2. He bore commissions from Congress of Major-General for Wood, Lee, Schuyler and Putnam, and there first met "the hero of a hundred fights." Between the two men a warm friendship sprang up, which never for a moment was impaired, and "Old Put" ere long, became one of the Commander-in-Chief's most trusted executive officers.

When the British finally evacuated Boston (March 16th, 1776), pressed out by Washington's siege and preparations for assault, Putnam was placed in command in the city, but was soon ordered to assume command of the forces and works around and in New York city, against which, it was evident, the British were to strike.

From that moment to the close of the year 1779 Putnam became one of the central figures in the great war-drama. At points of most danger "Old Put" was placed. In Philadelphia during the peril of the fall of 1776; in New Jersey in January to March, 1777, to watch the British; at Peekskill, to guard the Hudson, in May; and all through the winter of 1778 remaining along the great river as its guardian and trusted keeper. By orders of Washington (January 25th, 1778) Putnam proceeded to construct forts along the Hudson, to hold the river against the British advance. He chose the site of West Point, in opposition to the advice of the French engineer, Radier, who, becoming factious, was promptly displaced by Putnam, and the noble Kosciusko given charge of the important constructions. Works arose which, to this day, render West Point a stronghold no vessel can pass, and no army can take.

Among the episodes of adventure which the old hero experienced was one at West Greenwich, Conn. (Horsenecks), one of the patriot outposts, where an American detachment was placed to watch Governor Tryon, who, dashing out from New York, up Long Island sound, made desolate many beautiful towns and places in Connecticut. During one of these raids Putnam, with about 150 men, was caught by Tryon with 1,500 men, on Horsenecks heights. After a sharp round of shot from two small guns, Putnam ordered his men to run down the hill and enter a swamp near at hand, where the enemy's cavalry could not pursue. He himself remained, and when the British cavalrymen came up to take him prisoner, he put spurs to his horse and dashed down the steep declivity at headlong speed. It was an exploit so wholly unexpected, and apparently so surely fatal, that the British awaited, breathless, for the end, only to see Old Put riding off over the plain below, wholly unharmed.

During the summer of 1779 the British again strove to obtain possession of the Hudson, with the intention of capturing West Point; so Putnam drew in from his late quarters in Connecticut, and held his forces at a point two miles below the works on the hill, where Washington in person took command. He so added, week by week, to the strength of the position, that Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander, despaired of obtaining by force of arms the coveted prize; and then Benedict Arnold conceived the diabolical plan, afterward attempted, to betray the fortress to the enemy for £30,000 in gold, and a Major-General's commission in the British army.

Putnam visited his family during December, 1779, and on his return, after a few days' stay, was stricken with paralysis, before reaching Hartford. The whole left side was affected, and the once strong man became as helpless in body as a child, though his mind was clear and strong as ever. He never recovered to assume command. He had fought his last campaign. His voice was stern, yet full of bitterness; it was evident that the terrible accusation was rending her heart—that all the happiness of her life was going out with her words.

"Idyl, are you mad?" he cried, grasping her arm. "Upon the soul God has given me! I declare that I did not enter or leave your uncle's house last night!"

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"I had suspected—but this places it beyond doubt. We are not the first party whose eyes have been dazzled by this sight. This is one vast gold mine—one whose riches are incalculable."

"But the mine is still rich—see the gold! how the spurs glisten! Why, then, is it abandoned—where are the men who worked it, the men who made these marks and scars?" added the young buffalo-hunter, his hand resting upon the seamed and disfigured rock.

"Where? returned to dust. You have heard of the great insurrection—of the time when the tame Indians arose and flung off the yoke of slavery, when the San Saba Mission and silver mines were destroyed? Doubtless this mine suffered as well, in that dread year, 1758."

Rosina gave a little shriek, and clung convulsively to Sandoval's arm. The cause of terror was visible.

From out the darkness at their left hand came a faint, misty glow—an irregular, flickering light rising from the ground; and a moment's scrutiny revealed a startling, ghastly sight.

Ranged in a row, lay near a dozen bare, fleshless skeletons. A weird, phosphorescent glow cast every bone into bold relief—caused the limbs to quiver and tremble as though just about to spring into motion—caused the grinning, fleshless jaws to expand into a horrible smile.

The sight would have been a gruesome one to wiser heads than those of our friends; they, ignorant of all beyond the bare details of every-day life, superstitious as all their race are, turned and fled from the spot with the speed of terror, pausing only when their further progress was barred by a rough wall of rock.

Trembling still, they glanced around them, drawing a long breath of relief when assured that the dreaded specters had not pursued them; and replacing the exhausted torch with another, the trio examined their present situation.

The chamber had narrowed to a long, high passage, ending abruptly, as stated. Sandoval's heart beat rapidly as he vainly searched for a continuation of the passage. Had they progressed thus far, only to have their growing hopes shattered—only to find their further progress barred—their tomb still a tomb, though a large one?

From the gloom at one side, Pablo uttered an exclamation. They found him bending over the fragments of what bore the appearance of having been a huge, cumbersome ladder.

"There must be a way of getting out, up yonder," the young hunter muttered, excitedly, as he dropped his bundle of fagots.

Rosina covered her eyes with a shudder as her brother, aided by the projecting points and spurs, slowly scaled the perpendicular walls. Fainter and less distinct grew his figure—then vanished from view altogether. For a few minutes their suspense was almost unbearable. With each moment they dreaded lest his body should come dashing down to death at their feet, precipitated from the unknown heights above by a slipping hand or foot, or the给了 way of some treacherous point of rock.

"Holy Mother of Mercy—thanks!"

The exclamation came devoutly from their lips as a clear, exultant shout from Pablo relieved their fears—a cry that betokened success.

"Throw up the lasso—where you hear my voice. I've found another passage!" added the hunter.

After several trials, the rope was caught by Pablo, and securely fastened. Then, bidding Rosina fear nothing, Leon rapidly scaled the frail ladder, pausing beside Pablo.

Following his instructions, the maiden seated herself in the lowered noose, and was carefully drawn up the shaft. This accomplished, another torch was ignited, and the trio glanced curiously around them.

They were standing upon the verge of what appeared to be quite as large a chamber as the one first discovered. There was the same gleaming of quartz points, reflected in a thousand rays from the red glow of the blazing torch. And in the exultation of revived hope the trio pressed forward, forgetting all about the precious bundle of fagots upon which their very lives depended.

The chamber was crossed. At its further end was a narrow, low tunnel, which, as the only means of leaving the cavern, they entered. Its course was winding and tortuous, at times almost impassable from the debris which had dropped from the roof and sides. It was nearly an hour before they emerged into a smaller chamber. The torch was burning low, and Leon turned to Pablo for a fresh fagot. For a moment they were dumbfounded, but the truth flashed upon them, and Leon volunteered to return for them.

"Be careful—do not stir from this spot," he cautioned them, as he turned and re-entered the tunnel.

The minutes passed drearily enough, in the dark, and seemed hours in length. Then Pablo rose erect, to stretch his limbs. It was an unlucky move for him. Scarred had he taken a dozen steps when the ground seemed to give way beneath his feet. A piercing scream—then a horrible stillness!

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

##### BLACK RECORD.

"I am Ruez Arroyo!"

Thus spoke the chief of the Pawnees, his frame dilating, his voice ringing out deep and sonorous, the fires of undying hatred and lust of vengeance filling his eyes, his long, bony fingers playing nervously with the handle of his scalping-knife.

Felipe Raymon sunk back with a low, gasping cry, his bronzed face turning ashen gray, his eyes filled with a look of absolute terror. His wildest fears were fully confirmed. He knew that his death-doom had been spoken, that the terrible death which, until now, he had believed forever canceled by death, was being presented for payment in full.

His wife, Juanita, was no less deeply affected. She lay back upon the rude pallet of skins like one suddenly bereft of life—only her bosom heaving convulsively as her eyes stared vacantly upon the Mad Chief.

He laughed—cold and chilling—as he noted the effect of his speech. He seemed already tasting his long-deferred vengeance, finding it sweet beyond measure. And after a moment's pause he continued, his voice sounding low and almost musical:

"I see you have not forgotten entirely; and yet—many years have passed since those days, so many that you might well be forgotten for not remembering. It was such a little matter, too—only the dooming to a living death of a poor, friendless devil—no more! You might well have forgotten—not so I. The past is plain enough to me. I take pleasure in recalling it—in living over every little incident and detail of those days. Why? Because I wished to keep the memory fresh until the day of settlement—this day!"

"It is an amusing story, too. A high-born, beautiful lady—a handsome, wealthy lover—a poor, soft hearted devil of a hunter who still believed in human nature, in woman's truth and fidelity—poor devil!"

"Come! the night is before us. You look dull and down-hearted. The story of this poor fool of a hunter will amuse you—perhaps 'twill make you laugh, even."

"He was young and passably good-looking, this fool of a ciblero—a gay, careless devil, fond of his wild, reckless life, contented with little, more than satisfied when, after his long journey into buffalo-land, he could chink one jurney against another. He was skillful and adroit, too, this hunter; he could trail the bull, pluck the cock, hold the lasso, lance and bow with the best. Better for him, perhaps, had he been less skillful."

"It was at the feast of San Marcos. This devil of a hunter was very fortunate. He plucked the cock, bore it safe through the crowd, avoided them all and returned safely to the starting-point, the cock alive and uninjured. He paused before the row of spectators, and I have heard that more than one fair señorita spoke of his looking handsome as a god, this poor devil of a hunter, as he bestrode his gallant bay mustang, his head bared, his eyes almost timidly roving over the beautiful faces so intently watching him."

"He plucked a few feathers from the neck of the gallo, and bound them together with a ribbon taken from his shoulder-knob, riding slowly along the line. He paused—dismounted—knelt bashfully before a fair young lady; his stout hand trembled like a blade of prairie grass as he gently placed the knot in her lap. Not until the chorus of cheers and vivas died away did he dare raise his eyes—this poor, silly hunter. Then—*sangre de Cristo!* He saw the bright smile, the flushed cheek, and heard the gently-murmured thanks as the fair señorita fastened the *panache* above her fluttering heart.

"Poor devil! that was glory enough for one day, it would seem. But not so. Night came. At the dance they met again, and were partners. He grew bolder as he listened to her soft voice and flattering words. Until then he had only dared worship—as the earth-worm might adore the sun. How was he to know that she was playing with him—that her kind words were mere empty sounds? Poor devil! he gazed upon the sun until his eyes grew blind, until the burning rays ate down into his very heart. He listened to the music of her voice until it made him drunk. He forgot all—forgot that he was nothing but a miserable ciblero, whose sole fortune was a horse, a bow and his empty hand. He forgot that she was of the *sangre azul*, that her family—the proudest in the land—could trace their descent far beyond Cortez and his *conquistadores*—forgot that they could buy ten thousand such as he, and still be rich. He forgot all this; only saw the beautiful face, the kind smile, only heard the soft words that did not rebuke his presumption. Was he not a fool, this poor devil of a ciblero?

"He lived in paradise for over a month, this hunter. He saw the señorita frequently, nearly every day. They had a rendezvous sacred to their love meetings—it was love, pure, honest and sincere, upon his part. *Madre de Dios!* How he loved—worshiped her! And she? Well, 'twas a pleasant enough amusement for her, for a time. He was not ill-looking, there was a rude eloquence in his words that interested her—and his thorough devotion flattered her love of power.

"But then she grew weary of the farce. And while his kisses were still warm upon her lips—even as his strong arms held her clasped to his breast, their hearts beating together, their breath mingling as he urged her to flee with him—even then she formed the plot which was to free her forever from the poor devil and at the same time to afford herself and real lover material for a hearty laugh at the fool's expense.

"It was a cunning plan—one that a colder brain would have been deceived by. She consented to become his—to abandon all for his love, and vowed to follow his fortunes until death severed the tie. But not just then. She must have time. In two more nights—then they would meet to part no more this side of the grave.

"The hour came. Be sure the poor devil was not long behind the moment set. Nor did she keep him waiting. Mother of Mercy! Had he only died then, believing in her truth and honesty—but no! his eyes were to be opened wide enough ere that moon waned.

"They heard a footstep. She fled, with a little scream. He turned, only to be stricken down by a treacherous blow from behind. But this devil of a hunter was not one to tamely give up. He arose—he saw that near a dozen armed men surrounded him. Even then he did not realize the truth. He believed that the father of his loved one had surprised their secret and was seeking vengeance for the supposed dishonor of his daughter.

"He did not belie his training, this hunter of buffalo. He used his weapons as only a man could. Blood sprinkled the ground freely—not all his own. Three men lay gasping out their last breath of life when he was finally overpowered.

"They dragged him far away, pausing beneath a dead tree. Then the leader spoke. He told the bleeding wretch how he had been deceived—how the fine lady had led him on, storing up fine speeches to repeat them to her favored lover—of the rare sport they had had in laughing over his folly; and how she had plotted his capture and punishment.

"The punishment! It was a mere trifle—too slight for the enormous sin of which the ciblero had been guilty. His ears were cut off and pinned to the tree. A lasso was noosed around his neck and he was drawn up to the limb, and left to slowly strangle. That was all."

The Mad Chief paused and slowly filled his pipe, his burning eyes fixed upon the pale features of his terror-stricken captives. Then slowly resumed, his voice sounding cold and more metallic.

"That was the end of this poor devil of a hunter. He died: the better part of him. Yet, when the man who murdered him sought for the body, it was gone. How, no one ever found out. I cannot say. Perhaps the rope broke. Perhaps a passer-by took pity on the cold clay and cut the cord. The next two years are a blank. Then—the body of the hunter returned to life, but with a new heart. He could remember everything up to the moment when the cruel lasso cut short his breath. And remembering, he swore an oath—what that oath was, you can guess.

"He found himself living among the Indians, who looked upon him as great medicine. They watched him close, but finally he stole away and returned to the spot where he died. Here he found those for whom he sought. They were married—they had a child—they were happy, rich, contented.

"From that day his revenge began. The debt was too vast to be wiped out with one stroke. He preferred payment by installments. A strange disease attacked the husband's stock. His cattle died by scores—hundreds. They were poisoned. Then, in the middle of the night, his cattle-sheds, corrals and grain stacks caught fire and were burned; only one man knew how.

"After this, he was suffered to live in peace for nearly a month. Then his slaves and herdsmen took ill and died, one after another. A curse seemed upon the house. Only one man could have solved the mystery. He alone knew the secret of the poisoned spring.

"Another month—then the first-born—the darling of their hearts disappeared, nor could he be found, despite the long and close search. During this search, the main dwelling and the rest of the building were destroyed by fire. The happy husband and father returned to find only a blackened heap of stones.

"They found a resting-place with her father. A week later, when they awoke in the morning, they found, lying beside their bed, the mangled, disfigured remains of their lost child. How it came there, only one man knew.

"And so, month after month, the poor devil of a hunter sipped his revenge. Bit by bit, the new home was made desolate; the riches of the father melted away, even as the son's had before him. The people began to shun them all; whispering of the curse of God were heard upon every side. And so, little by little, they descended the scale. From being the most wealthy, the family became the poorest, shunned as though they were lepers. Ah! it was sweet revenge!

"But even a devil cannot endure everything, and the brain of the avenger gave way once more. For years his mind was a blank. When he recovered, all trace of his victims was lost. He could only learn that they had left those poor, miserably poor, afoot.

"For years he searched, but in vain. Then, when he had begun to despair of ever again finding the trail, he met them face to face in his desert.

"What followed, you, Felipe Raymon, and you, Juanita, his wife, can tell. You remember the poor devil of a hunter—ah! you shudder and cover back! Yes, I—the Mad Chief—I am all that remains of the gallant and once handsome Ruez Arroyo—the man who was mocked, mutilated, and almost murdered to satisfy your vanity and love of power.

"And now—the end is at hand! My cup of vengeance is full—it shall be drained to the very dregs! For long, weary years I have waited—waited and watched for this moment—and now—"

"Mercy—have mercy!" gasped Raymon. "Not for me—I can die—but for her—for my wife and children—"

"Mercy? Yes! mercy such as you and she had upon me—none other! Mercy! Listen—this is the mercy you shall receive—"

A sharp cry resounded from just without the lodge door, and then the skin flap was hurriedly raised and a warrior entered. After a few hasty words he departed, followed by the Mad Chief, leaving the wretched captives alone with their torturing thoughts.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

##### AID FROM THE ENEMY.

THUNDERING, crashing, leaping from point to point, now directly toward the besieged trio, now bounding away at an abrupt tangent, as it struck against some projecting spur—entered in a cloud of dust and debris, the heavy bowlders plunged down into the narrow pocket. High above the crash and rumble rose the shrill, exultant yells of the Pawnees; those upon the heights madly toiling to tear the huge bowlders from their resting-place, their comrades gathered around the mouth of the pocket with bended weapons, in readiness to receive the two pale-faces the moment they should attempt to steal upon them unawares.

And while this occupied, a bright glow gradually crept over his bronzed features, his eyes sparkling with pleasure. And indeed he had made a discovery upon which their lives and freedom might depend.

What had fate fair to prove their destruction might accomplish their freedom. Bit by bit he traced it out, and then, fully assured, he aroused Jack Rabbit.

"Look!" his fingers nimbly spelled. "The devils, in casting down these rocks, thought to crush us or bury us alive—instead, they have only laid a trail over which we can pass to liberty!"

The keen-eyed adventurer realized the truth of his friend's remarks. Partly by piling up against the face of the walls, partly by splintering off portions of the rock itself, the bowlders now formed a steep, difficult yet practicable trail by which the pocket might yet be left.

"Good enough, old man Tony!" joyously cried Jack Rabbit. "We'll live to fool these traveling plague-spots a while longer. It'll be tough climbing—but we can do it. Only—it's more than likely that they have set guards along the ridge."

"That's a risk we must encounter," said the dumb scout's fingers. "Coming from below, we will be apt to see them first, and then—"

A significant motion ended the sentence, perfectly understood by Jack.

It was then growing dusk, and they had not exercised their patience in waiting very long. And then, cautiously, first keenly scrutinizing every foot of the rocks, they began their toil-some and perilous journey. Tony Chew led the way, following the trail he had already mapped out in his memory. Jack followed, dividing his attention between Mini Lusa and watching for any sign of the sentinels who might and probably were stationed above the pocket.

Foot by foot, yard by yard, they crept on, on their progress rendered painfully slow not only by the natural difficulties to be surmounted, but by the knowledge that a single false step, the displacing of a stone, or the clink of a rifle-barrel against the flinty rock might be足以 to bring them to some watchful savage, who, if he did not pick them off in succession from his perch, would assuredly utter the signal that would bring an overpowering force upon them, when death or captivity—its equivalent—alone could follow.

Then the giant borderer abruptly paused. His keen eye had detected the shadowy outline of a crouching form against the sky beyond, silent and motionless, evidently unsuspecting how near were the fugitives whom he had been placed to guard.

The dumb scout drew his knife and crept down, awaiting the result in painful suspense. The minutes rolled on. Would the end never come?

Then Jack drew a long breath of relief as he saw the shadowy figure of the savage above sink back, and heard the faint sound of the death struggle. So great was his faith in the prowess of his friend that he immediately pressed on, aiding the maiden with tender care. Now was his confidence misplaced, for the dumb scout awaited him, his face as calm and unmoved as though he had not just cut short the thread of one human life.

The summit of the ridge was near, and Chew gained it without meeting further hindrance. But then a sudden change came over him. For a moment he seemed petrified, but then wheeled and barred the further progress of the young couple. Jack uttered a little cry of wonder as he felt the brawny hands upon his shoulders trembling as though stricken with the ague. But before he could speak, he heard a gasping cry break from the maiden's lips. She had slipped by the scout, and was now kneeling upon the summit, her hands clasped, a look of horror upon her averted face.

"We're worth a dozen dead men yet, old man Tony," said Jack Rabbit, with a long breath of relief. "Though it did look fishy for a spell. Ay! yelp on, you umps of the devil's kitchen! We can laugh at your hailstones in here."

Yet still the heavy bowlders thundered down the sides of the pocket, crashing upon those already accumulated, filling the air with dust and flinty particles. The borderers smiled derisively at this labor in vain of their enemies.

Jack Rabbit turned his attention to Mini Lusa, seeking to distract her gloomy forebodings, to brighten and cheer her up. In this effort he was only partially successful, despite the ardent sentences which his soft voice poured into her not unwilling ear. It was a novel position for love-making—amid the

crashing of descending bowlders, the occasional yell from some savage throat, while the giant borderer stood just before them, a stern, half-digested look upon his rugged features—but Jack Rabbit was not one to throw away even such a chance, when the hot, burning words sprung so freely to his lips. And if Mini Lusa was not convinced of the depth and power of his suddenly-born love, she must have been something more or less than human.

There is an end to all things earthly; so there was to this very agreeable occupation of the young scout. Tony Chew touched him upon the shoulder, then worked his fingers rapidly. His meaning was rendered even more clear as a large, heavy mass of rock crashed down and remained stationary directly before the entrance of their retreat, blocking it half up.

"So—that's their game!" and Jack's brow darkened. "They think to build us in—to bury us beneath their accursed stones. Well, there's only one way for us, unless we can keep the passage clear; to make a break for it, and go under with a grand hurrah, boys!"

Tony Chew made no reply, but contented himself with rolling back a smaller bowlder which had lodged upon the mass of rock. At all hazards the passage must be kept clear.

Yelling exultantly, working with redoubled vigor now that they saw how nearly complete was their task, the Pawnees hurled rock after rock over the walls, encouraged by the loud voice of the Mad Chief.

The two scouts worked desperately, more than once narrowly escaping a terrible death by the descending rocks, rolling back the heavy masses which threatened to wall them in beyond the possibility of escape. Yet, as the rock barricade rose higher and higher around them, the hopes of the

and even columns. Sometimes we rode up the steep slopes of Mount Hillaby, whose base is a garden of gorgeous flowers, and whose pathways are arched by tree-ferns, from the fronds of which trail and droop garlands of convolvuli and festoons of tropical amaranthaceae.

"Who is that gentleman who bowed so deferentially to you, Miss Thornley?" I asked, as we were one day cantering along the high-road, and a dark-skinned, flashily-dressed man in an open barouche saluted en *passant*.

I saw a shade of annoyance flit across the lovely face of my companion.

"The introduced him to me at the Goddard's ball, the other night. His name is Dupre, and he has estates in Martinique. He calls himself a Frenchman; but I think he is a creole. I danced with him twice, and found him to be a conceited bore, though he likes him, and he seems to be popular in Bridgetown," she replied.

I may as well at once confess that I was becoming desperately enamored of Irene Thornley. It was a novel sensation for me, this being in love, and I must say I enjoyed it hugely when in company with the object of my affections; but I felt heartsick many a night as I lay in my bunk and reflected upon the wide gap there was in social position between my employer's sister—an heiress, at that—and a poor mariner like myself, whose only inheritance would be the old Boanerges and the little property my father had acquired during a life-time devoted to the service of Neptune.

"Captain Clifford," said Mr. Thornley, as I met him at the gangway on his return from the shore, when we had been about a fortnight in port, "I've made arrangements to sail tomorrow evening with the land-breeze, for Martinique. I did intend going straight to Kingston, as I told you; but a friend of mine wants us to pay him a visit, and he'll go with us to Port Royal—his place is somewhere near there."

"All right, sir! Is it Monsieur Dupre who is coming?"

"Yes, it is; and I tell you what, Clifford, I just want to know why that upper lip of yours always curls when you hear him mentioned? Sister is just the same; but I don't take much stock in women's fancies; they always pretend to hate in public the man they adore privately. Do you know anything against Dupre?"

I evaded the question. I did not really know aught about the man; but I hated him instinctively. There was something in the fellow's face that was bad; what, I could not tell; but I am a believer in physiognomy to a certain extent, and also in feminine perspicacity, and I knew from what Irene had hinted subsequent to our first meeting with Dupre that she both disliked and despised him. However, I was the sailing-master of the Clytie, not the mentor of my employer, so I took a reef in my tongue and said no more on the subject to him.

Monsieur Dupre came aboard in due time, and a couple of hours afterward the pretty Clytie was dashing the iris-tinted foam from her bows, as she glided out of Carlisle bay, with her flying kites swelling grandly out before the balmy breeze.

"What's the matter with Nellie, Dick? She

looks as if something had ruffled her sweet temper," I said to one of the quarter-masters who had been chatting with Miss Thornley's bright-eyed maid, for whom he had a considerate *penchant*, according to rumors current among the crew.

"She's sorter mad about that Johnny Crapo as the old man shipped as passenger into Bridgetown, sir. She says he ain't no good an' that he's loafin' around arter Miss I-reasy, who hates him worse nor pizen, so Nell says," replied Dick.

"But then, you know, sir, it's kinder difficult to box the compass of a woman's nature, for the p'nts don't correspond, an' the variation dip o' the needle ain't easy to get a hold on," he added.

I agreed with him; but contented myself with laughing at his logical comparison between the two things sailors swear by, and never pass without looking at—a ship's compass and a pretty girl.

During the four days which elapsed on our passage to Martinique, Dupre never seemed to allow Miss Thornley a moment's peace; he followed her about like a French poodle, and his little wicked eyes seemed everlastingly gloating upon her multifarious charms. He did not like me—that I could plainly see—seeming to know by intuition that I despised him, and he abhorred Dick, because that jolly tar persisted in deluging him with salt water—accidentally, of course—whenever the decks were being washed.

At length we dropped anchor in the harbor of Port Royal, on the south-west side of the island, and our party went ashore to spend a week at the mansion of Monsieur Dupre, who was a sugar and coffee planter, with an estate about six miles out of town. I took a stroll on land the next day, and fell in with some gentlemen I had met on board a Havana steamer. I was once mate of. They knew Dupre, and expressed astonishment that the owner of the Clytie should have gone to visit him, especially in company with ladies, as they did not hesitate to affirm that the fellow had a very unenviable reputation and had been ostracized by respectable society on the island. I was not surprised, therefore, when, in three days' time, Mr. Thornley and his party returned to the yacht, and I was instructed to get ready to sail as soon as I could get the vessel properly cleared. My employer, I could see, was about as nearly in a passion as it was possible for him to get, and he did not hesitate to tell me the reason for his sudden return.

"I didn't intend to marry a whole family when I took my wife for better or worse; but I seem to have done it. Bet my bottom dollar that my respectable father-in-law never comes on another cruise with me. He's let that fellow Dupre skin him out of ten thousand dollars at *earcates*, which I've had to put my name to a bill for, and, on account of this, I am constrained by my wife and her father to continue to be civil to the French pug, though I am confident he has insulted Irene in some way. She's a girl who possesses good sense, and she would not have begged of me to come back aboard immediately if there had not been something in the wind," he said.

"I'm going ashore this evening to get the ship's papers, sir; perhaps I might meet him, and—"

"Yes, I know, get yourself in a devil of a row with that Quixotic disposition all you sailors have. No, Matilda wants me to continue to be civil to him, and I believe she has asked him to come aboard to say good-by to-night. So we'll say no more about it."

I went ashore before supper, for our regular steward had fallen sick and been taken to the hospital, and we had shipped a mulatto at Barbados whose cooking I did not like, and so I determined to regale myself at the hospitable board of one of my friends. I told Dick to return with the yacht's gig for me at eleven o'clock, got the clearance papers and strolled leisurely to my friend's residence.

We had quite a succession of thunder-storms

during the evening, and the sky seemed a little menacing as I lounged down to the wharf between eleven and twelve o'clock. The gig was waiting for me, and, as I stepped in, I noticed that, with the exception of Dick, she was not manned by her regular crew. I asked the skipper.

"That Mooshoo Draprey sent the lads a few bottles of grog for'd, an' you can guess how it is, sir—they ain't well. These men don't drink nothin'."

I mentally anathematized the Frenchman for seducing my hands, but thought no more of the matter as we pulled along in the darkness, guided only by the light in the rigging of the Clytie, until a sudden flash of lightning revealed a boat pulling across our bows about eighty yards away, and heard a shrill feminine cry rising from it.

"That's my Nell's voice, I'll take my oath, sir. There's suthin' up—You'll see what it is, sir!" ejaculated Dick, bringing the boat's head half-round with a pull so vigorous that it neutralized the effect of the rudder.

Another shriek came and then silence.

"Give way with a will, my lads," I cried, and the stalwart fellows bent to their oars and made the light craft skim over the phosphorescent water like a seal.

Another flash of lightning revealed a small topsail schooner lying at anchor about a mile distant from the Clytie, and toward this strange craft the boat we were following was heading. A stern chase is proverbially a long one, but my gig was lighter than the one we were pursuing, and was propelled by stouter and more dexterous arms, and we gained rapidly, though the chase was doing its utmost to get away.

"Stand by to board, my lad," as soon as I sheered into his ears, "I whispered, as we raced up alongside. "Rowed all!" I added, and put the tiller over and swept the oars out of the hands of the stranger's crew with the bow of the gig.

I saw two muffled figures lying in the stern-sheets, by the light a pistol-barrel belched forth; saw that the weapon had been aimed at my head, that Dupre's hand held it, and heard a fierce French oath, mingled with my name, rattle from the lips of the sugar-planter. I had no weapon with me, but I caught up one of the stretchers and leveled a blow at the head of the villain who had attempted to take my life. He ducked and the gig lurching as I missed him I fell heavily across the gunwale of his boat. My crew were engaged in a fierce tussle with those of my opponent and did not notice my precarious situation. Dupre planted his foot upon my neck, and, as I squirmed beneath his heel, I saw him draw and upraise a long and murderous looking dagger that gleamed in the darkness. Another second and ere the weapon could descend upon its cruel errand, a vivid flash from the electrical clouds above blinded me, and in another instant I felt myself in the water. Though half stunned, the water soon restored my senses, and as I struck upward I caught a woman's dress in my grasp. Winding my arm around the waist of the limp and restless form, which I instinctively felt was that of Irene, I gained the surface and was immediately drawn into the gig with my burden, by Dick, who had already rescued Nellie from a watery grave. Irene remained insensible and I feared she was dying, though her heart still pulsed. I am afraid I made a fool of myself before the men, judging from a few sly jokes that subsequently were bandied about by the crew of the Clytie—but I could not help it. I showered kisses upon the wet lips of the insatiable girl and conjured her in frantic terms to "awake and bless my sight."

"Miss Irene ain't dead, sir. She's been drugged, sir, and I guess all the others on board the Clytie have been, too, for I made noise enough when those French devils dragged me away to have roused the seven sleepers," said Nellie, who was sitting upon the same thwart with Dick Suratt—that practical m.r.n.r having one arm around her waist and rowing with the other.

When we reached the yacht I found Mr. Thornley, his wife and father-in-law, besides all the members of the crew I had left aboard, in a deadly lethargy, from which they did not arouse until daylight. Irene was the first to recover her senses—she came to while I was showering endearments upon her, Nellie being forward in the gallery making coffee for the gig's crew.

I could not resist the impulse. As she opened her glorious eyes and their wondering gaze met mine, I pressed her to my breast and in my mad paroxysm of rejoicing I poured the story of my love into her ears. She did not repel me, did not soon to listen to the passionate recital of the affection I bore for her, and, ere my eager tongue grew incoherent with the intoxication of bliss supreme, she had given utterance to the cry which drew our attention to the boat from the schooner, which was evidently chartered or owned by Dupre.

All hands were sick for a few days after we sailed, but, long before we passed the Bahama banks, even the debilitated Mr. Thornley returned to the yacht, and I was instructed to get ready to sail as soon as I could get the vessel properly cleared. My employer, I could see, was about as nearly in a passion as it was possible for him to get, and he did not hesitate to tell me the reason for his sudden return.

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"That's my Nell's voice, I'll take my oath, sir. There's suthin' up—You'll see what it is, sir!" ejaculated Dick, bringing the boat's head half-round with a pull so vigorous that it neutralized the effect of the rudder.

Another shriek came and then silence.

"Give way with a will, my lads," I cried, and the stalwart fellows bent to their oars and made the light craft skim over the phosphorescent water like a seal.

Another flash of lightning revealed a small topsail schooner lying at anchor about a mile distant from the Clytie, and toward this strange craft the boat we were following was heading. A stern chase is proverbially a long one, but my gig was lighter than the one we were pursuing, and was propelled by stouter and more dexterous arms, and we gained rapidly, though the chase was doing its utmost to get away.

"Stand by to board, my lad," as soon as I sheered into his ears, "I whispered, as we raced up alongside. "Rowed all!" I added, and put the tiller over and swept the oars out of the hands of the stranger's crew with the bow of the gig.

I saw two muffled figures lying in the stern-sheets, by the light a pistol-barrel belched forth; saw that the weapon had been aimed at my head, that Dupre's hand held it, and heard a fierce French oath, mingled with my name, rattle from the lips of the sugar-planter. I had no weapon with me, but I caught up one of the stretchers and leveled a blow at the head of the villain who had attempted to take my life. He ducked and the gig lurching as I missed him I fell heavily across the gunwale of his boat. My crew were engaged in a fierce tussle with those of my opponent and did not notice my precarious situation. Dupre planted his foot upon my neck, and, as I squirmed beneath his heel, I saw him draw and upraise a long and murderous looking dagger that gleamed in the darkness. Another second and ere the weapon could descend upon its cruel errand, a vivid flash from the electrical clouds above blinded me, and in another instant I felt myself in the water. Though half stunned, the water soon restored my senses, and as I struck upward I caught a woman's dress in my grasp. Winding my arm around the waist of the limp and restless form, which I instinctively felt was that of Irene, I gained the surface and was immediately drawn into the gig with my burden, by Dick, who had already rescued Nellie from a watery grave. Irene remained insensible and I feared she was dying, though her heart still pulsed. I am afraid I made a fool of myself before the men, judging from a few sly jokes that subsequently were bandied about by the crew of the Clytie—but I could not help it. I showered kisses upon the wet lips of the insatiable girl and conjured her in frantic terms to "awake and bless my sight."

"Miss Irene ain't dead, sir. She's been drugged, sir, and I guess all the others on board the Clytie have been, too, for I made noise enough when those French devils dragged me away to have roused the seven sleepers," said Nellie, who was sitting upon the same thwart with Dick Suratt—that practical m.r.n.r having one arm around her waist and rowing with the other.

When we reached the yacht I found Mr. Thornley, his wife and father-in-law, besides all the members of the crew I had left aboard, in a deadly lethargy, from which they did not arouse until daylight. Irene was the first to recover her senses—she came to while I was showering endearments upon her, Nellie being forward in the gallery making coffee for the gig's crew.

I could not resist the impulse. As she opened her glorious eyes and their wondering gaze met mine, I pressed her to my breast and in my mad paroxysm of rejoicing I poured the story of my love into her ears. She did not repel me, did not soon to listen to the passionate recital of the affection I bore for her, and, ere my eager tongue grew incoherent with the intoxication of bliss supreme, she had given utterance to the cry which drew our attention to the boat from the schooner, which was evidently chartered or owned by Dupre.

All hands were sick for a few days after we sailed, but, long before we passed the Bahama banks, even the debilitated Mr. Thornley returned to the yacht, and I was instructed to get ready to sail as soon as I could get the vessel properly cleared. My employer, I could see, was about as nearly in a passion as it was possible for him to get, and he did not hesitate to tell me the reason for his sudden return.

"I didn't intend to marry a whole family when I took my wife for better or worse; but I seem to have done it. Bet my bottom dollar that my respectable father-in-law never comes on another cruise with me. He's let that fellow Dupre skin him out of ten thousand dollars at *earcates*, which I've had to put my name to a bill for, and, on account of this, I am constrained by my wife and her father to continue to be civil to the French pug, though I am confident he has insulted Irene in some way. She's a girl who possesses good sense, and she would not have begged of me to come back aboard immediately if there had not been something in the wind," he said.

"I'm going ashore this evening to get the ship's papers, sir; perhaps I might meet him, and—"

"Yes, I know, get yourself in a devil of a row with that Quixotic disposition all you sailors have. No, Matilda wants me to continue to be civil to him, and I believe she has asked him to come aboard to say good-by to-night. So we'll say no more about it."

I went ashore before supper, for our regular steward had fallen sick and been taken to the hospital, and we had shipped a mulatto at Barbados whose cooking I did not like, and so I determined to regale myself at the hospitable board of one of my friends. I told Dick to return with the yacht's gig for me at eleven o'clock, got the clearance papers and strolled leisurely to my friend's residence.

We had quite a succession of thunder-storms

during the evening, and the sky seemed a little menacing as I lounged down to the wharf between eleven and twelve o'clock. The gig was waiting for me, and, as I stepped in, I noticed that, with the exception of Dick, she was not manned by her regular crew. I asked the skipper.

"That Mooshoo Draprey sent the lads a few bottles of grog for'd, an' you can guess how it is, sir—they ain't well. These men don't drink nothin'."

I mentally anathematized the Frenchman for seducing my hands, but thought no more of the matter as we pulled along in the darkness, guided only by the light in the rigging of the Clytie, until a sudden flash of lightning revealed a boat pulling across our bows about eighty yards away, and heard a shrill feminine cry rising from it.

"That's my Nell's voice, I'll take my oath, sir. There's suthin' up—You'll see what it is, sir!" ejaculated Dick, bringing the boat's head half-round with a pull so vigorous that it neutralized the effect of the rudder.

The family consisted of Mr. Borden, his wife and one child, a young girl of some fourteen or fifteen years of age, besides whom were three slaves—two men and one woman—who, despite the fact that they might have been free had they so chosen, persisted in following the fortunes of their loved master and mistress, and thereby sharing the hardships and dangers of the new home.

Although much exposed to inroads from the savages, Mr. Borden, by a wonderful piece of good fortune, was left unmolested for a period of nearly three years. As is usually the case under such circumstances, the planter became reckless, or fancied that this order of things would continue; and so, despite the warnings of friends, indeed, of one of the Indian chiefs to whom some member of the family had done kindness, he persisted in remaining in his new place.

The conflict was raging fiercely around him, almost at his very door—the Indians, as they were driven back step by step into the swamps, becoming even more fierce and determined in their resistance.

At length, so thoroughly aroused did they become, that for a white man, woman or child to fall into their hands was simply the first step, and a long one, to a horrible death by torture, such as the red man alone knows how to inflict.

The rattle of musketry and the sharper crack of the rifle were often heard by the settlers during the day, while at night the shrill whoop of some prowling savage would uselessly remind the whites of the danger that was hovering near at hand.

Still, time passed, and Mr. Borden continued to plant, rear and gather his crops unmolested.

It was during this time, the height of the struggle, that the family of Mr. Borden had just seated themselves at table for the evening meal, when suddenly, through the open windows, there came the quick, sharp rattle of firearms, seemingly in close proximity, and immediately thereafter an Indian warrior, panting from long-continued exertion, and bleeding from a wound in the left breast

## A LITTLE DIFFERENCE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

The poet lives on fancies light,  
And dwells in spheres of thought;  
He sees his soul in airy flight;  
On inspirations caught;  
But I prefer the lower wings,  
And feed on more substantial things.

The poet quaffs with charmed lips  
From old Castalia's fount,  
Whose fabled waters bright and clear  
Roll down Parnassus' Mount;  
I drink from fountains less divine;  
The flowing buttermilk is mine!

The poet mounts his Pegasus  
And speeds with airy stride,  
And over fields of fancy takes  
His mystic morning ride;  
But I have made it quite my rule  
To go on foot or hire a mule.

The poet sings in tenuous praise  
Of birds of Paradise;  
The plumage of whose breast and wings  
Is bright with many dyes.  
I have no sentiment to waste;  
A Shanghai rooster suits my taste.

The poet sings of lovely flowers  
That in the valleys bloom,  
And feels the fragrance inspired  
In breathing their perfume.  
I know a scent of far more power;  
Boiled cabbage is my favorite flower.

What if the poet loves to sit  
Down to ambrosial feasts,  
And at the table of the gods  
He revels and is pleased?  
In these less mythologic scenes  
Give me my dish of pork and beans.

At, let the poet strive with song  
To win the fabled bays,  
Or gain the laurel coronal  
Of Olympus' wreath;  
I will be satisfied and smile  
If I can earn a bran new tile.

The poet strives to win a name  
To live for many an age,  
Which shall be legibly inscribed  
Upon Fame's deathless page.  
I ask no more than just the luck  
To keep mine from the tailor's book.

Give him the honor and renown;  
For these I do not care;  
Let Fortune give her golden key  
That opens to treasures fair.  
I envy not the glittering board  
If I've enough to pay my board.

## How Jack Won a Wife.

THE ROMANCE OF A SLEIGH-RIDE.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

The snow lay spread on the wide-reaching winter landscape like a robe of regal ermine. Above, the sky was blue as any that ever smiled on a June day, and the air that lifted a lone tress of Gussie Winston's brown hair, as she opened the window was refreshingly cold without being pitiless.

A fresh, winsome face it was—pretty Gussie Winston's—framed in curly brown hair that rebelled against all discipline of ribbon and comb, and that persisted in arranging itself in a style infinitely becoming to the oval face, with its clear, brunette complexion, cheeks the color of a Mayrose, and eyes as darkly blue as a wood violet.

Altogether, a witching, winsome girl who had the power to make the hearts of the two men who stood beside the glowing fire beat most uproariously, as she turned into the room again, after a very satisfactory view of the weather.

"It's going to be just splendid," she said, joyously, and Wilfred Millingford bent an ardent look upon her—his expressive eyes, dark as a chestnut skin, making not the slightest attempt to veil their admiration.

And very keen admiration it was, too, that had commenced the very first time handsome young Millingford had met Gussie Winston, at a jolly party at Farmer Estabrook's just a month before, where the stylish stranger gentleman, the guest of the Estabrooks, had quite turned the heads of the country lasses—Gussie Winston not excepted, for all the warm, ardent friendship growing up between her and Jack Horton—big, good-looking Jack, with his heart full to overflowing of love for the girl he hoped to make his wife some grand, great day.

This brilliant winter afternoon, with the world flooded in sunshine, the two young men accidentally met at Gussie's house, and each had noted how fair and sweet she was, how sparkling and fascinating, and each had declared the fate should be his own, of taking Gussie's life to theirs.

Mr. Millingford looked ardently at the girl as she spoke of the rarity of the day.

"There could be nothing finer than the sleigh-ride party will be to-night. Of course you are going, Miss Gussie? And you will give me the honor of being your escort?"

A delighted little flush rushed over her cheeks. Mr. Millingford was so handsome, and gallant, and the girls all dying for him!

"I should be most delighted, thank you, Mr. Millingford."

Jack's quiet, half-pained voice gave her a little start.

"Perhaps you forget, Gussie, you promised me a month ago?"

Just the faintest possible tinge of vexation rose in her cheeks.

"Oh, did I? I had forgotten all about it. It was before Mr. Millingford came, wasn't it?"

Ah—there was the secret—"before Mr. Millingford came"—this young city gentleman who had made Gussie reckon events by his stay among them. Could it be possible he was fated to win his darling from him, under his very eyes?

Perhaps the blank agony of the idea was mirrored on John's face, for Gussie caught a glimpse of it that made her momentarily uneasy; and then, with a slightly perceptible hauteur in her voice, she went on, laughingly:

"I think I shall be obliged to send you two gentlemen home, if I intend to be ready by seven o'clock. You have no idea what lots of things I have to do."

Mr. Millingford took his sealskin cap gracefully.

"I will call at seven-thirty, promptly, Miss Gussie, then!"

Horton had arisen and stood half smiling, half frowning at the girl.

"A promise is sacred, remember, Gussie. You know your duty lies toward me."

Millingford laughed—a little conceitedly.

"If it is a question of stern duty, Miss Gussie, I will not attempt to interfere. But if, as I understand, it is a matter of choice, I am perfectly willing to abide by your decision. I will call for you at half past seven, and you can give me the great pleasure or not—as you desire."

He pressed her hand as he bade her good-by and the bright, sudden glow of her dark eyes sent a thrill of pain to Jack's heart, as with a face full of keen anxiety, he looked the good-by he did not say. And Gussie watched them down the road—these lovers of hers, one in all the bravery of his elegant city attire of Astrachan seal-trimmed overcoat and seal cap, set so jauntily over his light, blonde hair that

curled as gracefully as Gussie's own long tresses—stylish, handsome Wilf Millingford, who was the envy of every girl at the country-side.

And at Jack—big, tall Jack, with his heavy, warm Ulster that made no pretension of displaying the really fine figure of the wearer; Jack, with his short-cropped black hair that did show his well-shaped head, over which his soft felt hat was jammed in utter disregard of fashion or becomingness—"good, dear, patient old Jack," she said, kindly, and then, flushed with thrills of pleasure at remembrance of Wilfred Millingford's handsome blue eyes, and the pressure of his white hand.

While that gentleman, walking down the sunshiny country road, with the hard-packed snow crackling crisply under his feet, felt very sure he could win the pretty girl who flushed and drooped her eyes under his ardent glances.

"She's as pretty as a picture, and as sweet as a peach, isn't she, Horton? I declare I am inclined to think a special Providence ordered me to the Estabrooks' for a month, and when I go back it will not be my fault if little Princess Gussie has not consented to be transplanted where her beauty can be appreciated."

Horton plunged his hands deeper into his overcoat pockets, and the scowl on his face grew darker.

"I guess Miss Winston is fully appreciated where she is, and I think she is hardly the sort that cares for transplantation."

Coolly and sarcastically as he said it, there was a heart sinking at the thought, and at the cross-road he left Millingford to go down to the village to the Estabrooks' big house, while he turned his face farmward with a decided pallor of pain on it.

The big, sandy-floored kitchen in the Estabrook farm-house looked cozily delightful, with its huge, crackling fire of logs in the open fireplace, that served for both light and heat to the three or four red-cheeked servant girls who were chattering merrily while the family took their supper in the adjoining dining-room, from which voices, and particularly Mr. Wilfred Millingford's, were plainly audible, as the sleigh-ride was discussed, pro and con.

"To think he had the impudence to ask Miss Gussie, when everybody knows Mr. Horton's waitin' on her!"

Red-cheeked Annie curled her lip with a gesture of ineffable disgust for Mr. Millingford's audacity.

Sarah, grave-eyed and quiet, glanced up from her pan of apples she was deftly paring.

"I am not sure Mr. Millingford is so much to blame. Miss Gussie uses Mr. Jack pretty roughly since our company came—not that I admire Mr. Millingford at all."

Annie laughed contemptuously.

"Admire him! that's good, Sarah! As if there was anybody in the house that did, for that matter! What with his high-lord-mighty orders for 'hot water' when a body's busy with the beds, and a continual grumbling about his cuffs, when, Lord knows, I don't believe he ever saw better done up, let alone wear 'em—well, I don't 'admire' him either."

"And never as much as a civil 'thank you,'" added Sarah, indignantly. "It makes me almost forget my place to see the way Miss Winston cuts Mr. Horton for him. I can hardly stand silently by and know Mr. Millingford is worming himself into her favor."

"Don't you believe it, Sarah Graves? As Tim says, 'I'll bet' on Miss Gussie; she's never going to throw herself away on a fine pair of whiskers—not when there's a gentleman like Mr. Jack ready to come to the fore. Her head's only a little turned—not her heart. I know."

Sarah smiled at the energetic words and manner.

"You're a good defender, Annie. However, it doesn't do credit to your theory that Mr. Millingford will escort Miss Gussie to-night before Mr. Jack's very eyes."

A puzzled frown gathered on the girl's forehead; then, a sudden mischief burst into her eyes and face.

"Well, I don't believe she will go with him, now."

A tap on the little silver call-bell interrupted the girlish gossip of these intelligent, observing maids, and the smile of merriment was still hovering on saucy Annie's face when she went in, in obedience to the summons:

"More bread, Annie; and tell Tim to have the red cutter and the black horse at the door in half an hour, for Mr. Millingford."

Annie took the order and gave it to Tim very demurely; then, while Mr. Millingford was retouching his toilet, went to Sarah—the head of the kitchen corps.

"You promised me I might go to my father's to-night, Sarah. I can go early, can't I? I want to see the sleighing-party go by, and see with my own eyes that Miss Gussie is in a sleigh with that jackanapes up-stairs."

And five minutes before Mr. Millingford came down the piazza steps, with a splendid white robe over his arm, and a pair of seal-skin gloves on his white, aristocratic hands, Annie Austin was scudding down the snow-packed, starlighted road, with her dark waterproof cloak wrapped about her, the hood drawn cozily around her head, and the chill night-air defrauded of its nipping kisses on her cheeks by the double vail she sensibly wore.

Gussie Winston was walking restlessly back and forth in the warm, pleasant sitting-room from which, so admirably, she had laughingly dismissed her admirers. Now, there were no smiles on her pretty face, and a look, partly of wrath, partly of disappointment, and not a little of mortification was in her eyes as she looked often at the big tall clock ticking so plainly in the room.

Half-past eight—an hour behind time, and Wilfred Millingford not yet come for her!

"Her cheeks flamed freshly at the thought, and as sleigh after sleigh dashed by with bells all a-gleam and laughing voices all full of joyous merriment, Gussie grew more and more disgusted and indignant that any escort of hers should dare prove so unpardonably derelict.

Then came the gay jubilee of loud, musical bells, the frosty crackling of snow under horses' hoofs, and—stopped at the door, and—Jack Horton came in, rosy and very pleasant to see, it seemed to Gussie, just then.

His face was grave, but lighted up at sight of her.

"What—not gone? I could swear I passed you and Millingford three-quarters of an hour ago, on the road."

"Well, you didn't, you see, Jack."

Gussie flamed up very unaccountably.

"How do I know? As if I wanted to, either—the mean, ungenteelmannly fellow he is."

Jack's face grew more luminous.

"Gussie, it may not denote a very high state of charity on my part, but, really, I do enjoy

hearing you talk that way! Get on your things, and I will take you to the party, although I confess I came for your sister Nell."

A little blush surged over Gussie's face.

"Oh, then, you'd better take her, Jack. I wouldn't disappoint you for the world."

He came closer to her, and looked at her eagerly.

"Then tell me you will go with me to-night."

"But you see the position you put me in."

To-morrow I shall be accused of this thing,

and I really think father will be glad to believe it of me. I must tell him myself, if you will not."

"What—you mean to blow on me? I didn't think you would do that. But I swear to you I won't acknowledge it, and the old man will take my word before yours, any time."

"Raynal looked up with quite an aggrieved air.

"It's no use, Ray; I never can do that."

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